

MOVIE WEEKLY

April 8, 1922

Hollywood Morals
by
Benj. B. Hampton

10¢

Dick Barthelmess'
Happy Struggles
to Star
by
His Mother



Doris
Kenyon

A Study by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Federal Censorship in the Offing

A CONTRIBUTION reaches the Editor's desk from one who has made a conclusive study of Federal Censorship, and so enlightening is this contribution, that we print it herewith. After reading it, we are sure our readers will have a firmer grasp of this subject, one that has, hitherto, proven rather elusive:

"The Federal Censorship Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Representative T. Frank Appleby, of New Jersey. It provides for a commission of three members to be appointed by the President, the chairman to receive a salary of \$6,000 a year; the other two, \$5,000 a year.

"The commission may appoint a secretary and such deputy and advisory commissioners as may be necessary to assist in the examination and censoring of films. No one shall be appointed an advisory commissioner who has any direct or indirect pecuniary interest in motion pictures. The entire cost of the commission is to be limited to \$60,000. The commission is to have power to make rules and regulations and to exercise functions necessary to the efficient performance of its duties.

"Every film submitted to the commission shall be licensed unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, or debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults, or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors."

"The commission may grant a license upon condition that objectionable parts are eliminated, and may require all condemned films, both positives and negatives, to be left in its possession. Provision is made for an appeal from the decision of a deputy commissioner to at least one member of the commission, and a further appeal to the full commission.

"Licensed films are to be provided with a special tag which must be attached when the film is offered for transportation. It is to be unlawful to transport or to exhibit unlicensed film. The penalty for any violation of the Act may be a fine of not more than \$500 or imprisonment for

not more than one year, and the films unlawfully transported or exhibited may be seized and destroyed.

"A fee of one dollar is to be charged for the examination of each 1,000 feet of film, and fifty cents for each duplicate. It is provided, however, that the license fee may be reduced from time to time to such a sum as will produce no larger income than is necessary to defray the cost of the commission. Any change in a film after it is licensed is to be considered as a violation of the Act and to be punished by fine or imprisonment.

"Just now there are only seven States that have motion picture censors. No two censors agree on what should be passed or what should be forbidden, and no producer has yet been heard to express unbounded enthusiasm over any censor. If it did nothing more, possibly Federal Censorship might stave off State Censorships in the remaining forty-three commonwealths."

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

Having printed this authorized report of one who has made a study of Federal Censorship, and having printed from time to time editorials concerning State Censorship, we are especially interested in knowing what our readers think of both forms of censorship.

Do you believe in either? Do you think motion pictures, today, need "censorial guardians?"

We are prone to shy at the familiar clause in the Federal Censorship Bill: "Every film submitted to the commission shall be promptly licensed unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair

the health, debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors."

Personally, we can't figure out how a commission of three people is fitted to decide such momentous problems for over 100,000,000 people. What do you think?

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Hollywood

Is Hollywood a Wild Jungle of Drunken Orgies?

DO you believe that Hollywood is a wild jungle of drunken orgies, dope parties and free love? Have you a general, hazy idea that the ten commandments and federal state and civic laws have no connection with daily life in the capitol of movieland?

A newspaper editor recently suggested that Hollywood should be burned to the ground, his theory being that such a holocaust would purify the morals of the world. He pointed to the case of a comedian arrested on the charge of contributing to the death of an actress. He pointed to the assassination of a motion picture director. Holding these two cases before his readers he shrieked that Hollywood should be destroyed.

If you have such thoughts, let us reason together, as fair-minded folks are always willing to do, and see if we can get at the truth.

The geographical, civic entity bearing the name of Hollywood, California, is one of the most beautiful, best behaved, best schooled, best managed cities on earth. Neither the comedian nor the dead director lived in Hollywood. The comedian lives in the most fashionable section of the fashionable West Adams district of Los Angeles, and the director's home was in a modest, comfortable bungalow in a most respectable residence district of Los Angeles. So that if Hollywood should have been burned to make a holiday for a frantic editor, the comedian's social events would not have been disturbed, nor would a cowardly assassin have been prevented from murdering an unarmed man.

No one can get at the truth of motion picture morals until he understands the creation of star salaries, and the events that follow in the train of suddenly acquired wealth.

Five thousand dollars a week!—\$10,000 a week!—\$20,000 a week! Figures such as these stagger the ordinary mortal.

"Such wages cannot be possible. These stories are mere fictions of press agent imagination," you say.

Yet the figures are true. For several years a number of young women and men each have been receiving \$50,000, \$100,000, \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year. A very few have exceeded \$250,000 a year, but many have been paid \$500 to \$750 a week.

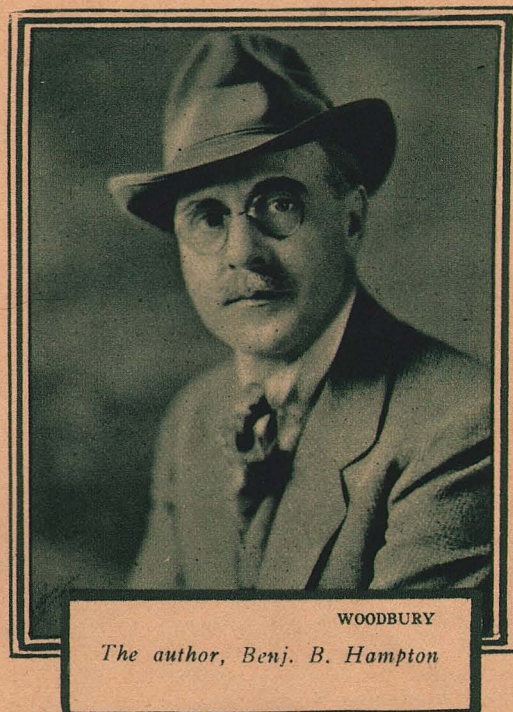
These huge salaries were made possible—yes, they were made imperative—by the public's approval of the same men and women who created the "Hollywood" that is at present receiving so much attention.

As an illustration of the workings of the system of making screen stars, and the effect of the operation on the star and on public opinion of the picture industry, let us briefly review the history of an actress whom we will call Georgia Columbia.

In 1918 this girl was "free lancing," that is, she was accepting such positions as she could get, and her salary was \$75 to \$100 a week. Toward the end of the year she was chosen by a famous picture maker to play a part in one of his productions, and for this employment she was paid \$125 a week. The photoplay was a tremendous success and the girl leaped from obscurity to fame in a few months.

Georgia became known quickly to millions of theatre goers; and picture producers, believing that audiences would welcome her as a star, entered into a bidding contest for her services. Early in 1919 she accepted a contract at \$2,500 a week salary, and when

By **Benj. B. Hampton**



WOODBURY
The author, Benj. B. Hampton

this ended within a year she went with another company at \$2,500 a week. Within less than two years this girl has progressed from \$125 a week to \$2,500 a week. Public approval of her work has given her this "box-office value" and the producers believe it good business to give the public what it wants.

One of the several great differences between the screen and the spoken drama is revealed right here. The enormous salaries of the screen are not duplicated in spoken drama nor in vaudeville. There are high salaries on the stage, but they are not so large nor so numerous, nor do they come into existence so quickly as in picture circles. Stage audiences choose their entertainments more carefully. A play may become a great success on

its merits, without the support of a star's name. Picture audiences have developed "star-worship" to a height unknown to the stage, and "star-worship" is followed by sudden inflation of incomes, as illustrated in the case of Georgia Columbia.

Can you imagine what happened to Georgia Columbia, whose "free lancing" in 1918 brought her an income of perhaps \$2,000, when she found a check for \$1,500 or \$2,500 in her pay envelope every Saturday night in 1919 and thereafter? Well, many things happened.

First of all, Georgia was swamped with new "friendships." She was deluged with "fame" and "popularity." Women and men who had barely nodded to her as she made the dull round of the studios looking for work in 1918, now thrust forward to greet her effusively, obsequiously. Others whom she had never known, never heard of, pushed into her orbit, pleading and flattering for a share of the great star's attention.

Newspapers and magazines sent writers and photographers to see her. Her mail suddenly filled several baskets daily. This is not a flight of fancy; it is a solemn recital of facts. Letters from admirers of a screen star reach enormous daily totals. And this correspondence comes from all sorts of people—boot-blacks, servant girls, college presidents, bankers, newspaper editors, ministers; all of the groups in the social system are represented.

The merchants of Los Angeles were ready to assist Georgia in meeting her new responsibilities. The realtors were present to sell her a "palatial residence." Decorators and furnishers assured her of their ability and willingness to make her new home the most artistic in America. The automobile dealers showed her the grades of limousines, town cars, and runabouts appropriate to her new position. The jewelers, the gown makers, the milliners—everyone was present with earnest, eager offers of assistance.

Is it any wonder that Georgia was bewildered? Would any girl in any industry anywhere keep her head when bushels of press clippings and thousands of letters assure her that she is the most beautiful, most finished, most exquisite, most everything artiste that ever came into a world hungering for the radiant inspiration of her glorious personality?

Georgia does not read the press notices and the fan letters of other stars. Indeed, she cannot take time to read her own! Her secretaries skim through the postman's burden and select the cream, the most flattering specimens, to read to Georgia. How, then, can Georgia realize that every star receives identical publicity stuff and fan letters so nearly alike that all of them might have been written in the same insane asylum? Georgia does not know, and being quite a human little person, she quickly accepts herself as a genius thrust into this world for the purpose of elevating its artistic standards, as per press stuff and admirers' mail.

Every week the \$2,500 check finds its way to her bank account. True, it is like a bird of passage. It is quickly absorbed by payments on the new mansion and its contents, and the beautiful new motor cars, and gowns and furs and jewels, and wages of secretaries, butler, house servants, personal maids, etc., etc.

Georgia's new host of friends



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD
A section of Hollywood where "wild life" is supposed to sizzle. Take a look.

press her with social invitations. Georgia has youth's yearning for "a good time." Why have beauty, wealth and fame unless these elements co-ordinate in the tangible result of "having a good time?" Georgia enthusiastically enters into "having a good time" by following the path of all newly-rich since riches first began. When Georgia's chauffeur drives her gaily decorated limousine into the pathway of pleasure, it rolls along the ancient highway of peacock display, of vanity, selfishness and carelessness.

The thrifty Egyptian steward who got rich quick three thousand years ago—the political and business bosses of the Roman Empire who fattened by exploiting colonies—the group of new millionaires thrust into the limelight when Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan reorganized the steel industry—the Wall Street plungers that rise to great wealth in every boom period—in each group history repeats itself.

Few men and women can be drawn suddenly from poverty into riches, from obscurity into dazzling publicity, and avoid folly. Adulation, flattery by speech, letter and printed page, in addition to a weekly check of huge size, is too great a burden for any human being to assume easily. Georgia and her associates have been no more successful, nor no less successful, in attempting the impossible than have any of their predecessors from the time of Thebes to date.

There is, however, the noteworthy distinction that film stars are more widely known than the "fast sets" of Pittsburg steel or Newport high society. The screen is a mighty engine of publicity, and the professional personalities of its famous players have become familiar to members of millions of households. Because of this intimacy—this "star-worship"—there is deep-seated, genuine distress and indignation when scandal attaches to the name of a famous player.

* * * * *

Unfortunately for the motion picture industry, the playground of its pleasure-seekers is Los Angeles instead of New York. Los Angeles has six hundred thousand population, and New York has six million. In Manhattan, Georgia's extravagance and enthusiastic manners would pass unnoted. Georgia would be swallowed and easily digested by the great Broadway of the East. But the smaller Broadway of the West is composed of different material.

"Dishing the dirt" is the favorite pastime of studio people. It is their great indoor and outdoor sport. "Dishing the dirt" is movie lingo for gossip, and no folks anywhere can excel the picture people in this line of exercise. If a girl buys a new gown, if a man gets a new motor car; if a director is pleasant to an actress; if two players dance together twice at Cocoanut Grove or Sunset Inn—the tongues begin to twitter. No small-town barber shop or sewing society equals the movie group as gabblers and scandal-mongers.

Every journey of a star's limousine is noted. Every dollar she owes on her jewels is discussed. Gossip travels rapidly from the studios to the hair-dressing parlors, dressmaking and other establishments and filters into the hotels and apartments that house the tourists. Not only are Georgia and her playmates made famous by press and screen—they are subjects of such constant, colorful gossip in Los Angeles that every visitor hungers to get glimpses of them in real life. Admission to studios is hard to get, so that the ordinary tourist must be contented to gaze at the residences of the stars or to stand in admiration as Georgia's limousine flashes through the streets. The wealthy visitors can afford to visit Cocoanut Grove, the Green Mill, Sunset Inn and other public places where kings and queens of moviedom congregate, and when Georgia appears at one of these places, eastern bankers and their wives struggle for a glimpse of her, and the daughters of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago industrial kings park their eyes on her from her entrance to her exit.

The gossip does not stop in Los Angeles—it is taken home by the tourists, and the stories lose nothing in their travels. The silly or jealous tittle-tattle of the studios assumes the form of serious slander after it has passed into national circulation.

"Dishing the dirt" in the studios is the foundation stone of the widespread misunderstanding of picture morals—and movieland has only itself to blame for this condition. It has gossiped about

itself, and slandered itself—in jealousy, vanity, carelessness and ignorance it has sown the wind of tittle-tattle and it is now reaping the whirlwind of unjust and terrible notoriety.

Foolish? Yes. Extravagant? Yes. Lack of refinement? Yes, often, and in the same degree that gave fame to the Waldorf-Astoria's "Peacock Alley" in the days of the Pittsburg effort to make a dent on little old New York.

A "modern Babylon," with a dash of "Sodom and Gomorrah?" Let us see.

When you think it over, do you not agree that you expect picture people to be *human beings*? Although the press agents strive earnestly to por-



Priscilla, Dean, wife of Wheeler Oakman, and a home lover, who, nevertheless, admits to living in Hollywood.

tray the players as a group of supermen and superwomen—gods and goddesses far removed from ordinary mankind—the players themselves are merely plain folks, such as you and I. There is no difference between them and other residents of any large city. Is it not reasonable, then, to measure them by the same standard of morals and ethics that is used in appraising the conduct of lawyers, bankers, merchants, stenographers, clerks, school teachers, newspaper reporters, mechanics and other classes? Is it not fair to regard the picture people as *human beings* and to insist that they subscribe to the same laws as other human beings and that they receive the treatment from press and public similar to that accorded to other members of society?

Individuals deserving of censure should be censured, but the entire motion picture colony should not be thrown into the shadows because of a noisy, foolish minority.

A minister's son is on trial for murder. Does the community declare that all minister's sons are murderers?

A doctor is charged with assault. Does the community infer that all doctors may be charged with assault?

A lawyer is threatened with disbarment because of alleged dishonorable practices. Does the community believe that all lawyers are dishonorable?

Certainly not. *The public distinguishes between individuals.*

* * * * *

The overwhelming majority of players, directors and highly paid technical workers conduct themselves in the same manner as other residents

of Los Angeles. They buy homes, raise children, pay taxes, go to church or play poker, according to their individual tastes and inclination. Their conduct differs in no degree from that of the other business and professional people of Los Angeles.

This statement is supported by abundant evidence. The court records of Los Angeles county prove that very few players, directors, technical or business people have been accused of crimes. The cases are so few in number as to be negligible. The one outstanding criminal charge is that against a famous comedian.

Hints of "wild parties," "drunken orgies," "dope parlors" and "licentious debaucheries" rivalling those of Rome in her days of decline, are conspicuously not accompanied by specific information in regard to these degrading events, but a stream of innuendo causes the public to absorb the idea that Los Angeles is a hotbed of iniquity.

The evidence is to the contrary. Los Angeles is preeminently a church and home city. The religious elements of the community are so powerful that Los Angeles is regarded as almost Puritanical. Long before the Volstead act, Los Angeles drove the saloons out of existence by the passage of sensible enforceable laws; and for years there has been no "red-light district." I am familiar with nearly all the large cities on this continent and I am confident that no large city is better governed than Los Angeles nor is any city more jealous of its reputation.

The leading industry of Los Angeles is that of caring for the scores of thousands of tourists who go there annually. These tourists are nearly all family folks, and Los Angeles is careful to convince its visitors that it is the best city in America for them to choose as permanent homes. That Los Angeles succeeds in so convincing them is proved by her steady large increase in population.

If dope, drunkenness and licentiousness prevailed in the picture colony, the police force and sheriff's office would be compelled by the church people and the city's business interests to drive the movie makers out of town. The case of the comedian and the assassination of a famous director have caused most rigid, most complete examinations of every phase and every detail of picture life. Not only have scores of detectives, and private investigators spurred by the offer of large rewards, gone into every scandal, they have traced each piece of gossip to its farthest end. No corruption, and no hint of corruption, has escaped them. It is doubtful if any group in the country has ever been subjected to such an exhaustive examination.

What evidences of degradation and debauchery have been revealed by these investigators? Almost none, or the jails of Los Angeles would now be packed. The officials of the law have learned that there are very few evil men and women in pictures, and that the great majority of even the foolish, vain, extravagant newly-rich are neither dopsters, drunkards, nor degenerates. This is the testimony not only of police officers, but of business men, ministers and club women and other citizens who have studied the situation, and of famous novelists who live in the colony.

* * * * *

Estimates of the number of people employed in the production of motion pictures in Los Angeles places the total at forty to fifty thousand. Artisans and mechanics of all trades and laborers form the bulk of this army.

I have tried to calculate the number of prominent men and women in the industry, including all professional, business and technical departments, and the number cannot fall short of three thousand. Perhaps five thousand would be more nearly correct.

Aside from those I have classified as "prominent," many men and women are employed in small parts in pictures. These are known as "extras." They work day by day, as they can secure employment. If a picture requires several hundred cowboys, they are available. If a hundred girls are wanted for a Turkish harem scene, several hundred apply for the positions. Smartly dressed men and women furnish the "atmosphere" for great ballroom sets. Thousands of men, women and children can be obtained for street scenes in a strike or a riot, or for any of the sets in which large crowds are required.

(Continued on page 29)

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

IN a room of a far downtown New York hotel, a worn, anxious man showing the after-effects of intoxication, paced the floor nervously. He would walk to the window ever so often and look out. He seemed to be expecting someone.

A knock on the door . . . he is nervous, yet cheered. It is a messenger . . . and William D. Taylor, the expectant, seems gladdened.

The messenger brought him what, a short while before, he had telephoned to his office for—six hundred dollars. The money, in greenbacks, he pocketed eagerly, and he could hardly wait for the messenger to depart before he took his hat and also departed.

For blocks he walked—down through crowded business streets, small by-ways where sidewalk peddlers hawked their wares, narrow alleys where tenements flanked the sidewalks and children played noisily, dirtily, in the streets. At length he reached the waterfront—and it was there, among the dross, that he intended to seek solace for the time being from his inner woes.

Taylor was worried. For several days past he had been drinking rather heavily. Trouble with his wife, certain of his friends asserted. But this pilgrimage of his into the slums was not necessarily a new thing for him, for, frequently in those days, he would relieve his mind of its varied cares by participating in the life the "other half" of society lives.

On numerous other occasions—on other pilgrimages—he had thus communed with his less fortunate brothers. Throughout his entire life, however, he never regarded wayward humanity as beneath notice. Other artists, at other times, have communed likewise—and, like him—have returned to their uptown habitations mentally refreshed and spiritually enlivened for their contact with the other half's suffering.

There were wharvesmen on the Battery who used to call Taylor "Bill." And, in tiny Washington Square, there was even a gin-sotted old woman who referred to the handsome art connoisseur as "her son," for he befriended her at a moment when a policeman was on the verge of arresting her as a vagrant.

With the shades of early evening falling, with the lights of boats in the river twinkling on the water, Taylor sought refuge in a "joint" wherein corned beef and cabbage formed a questionably delectable menu for the lower strata of New York's humanity. He was seated at a table eating and drinking; various acquaintances, knowing that he would have money to "stand treat," joined him—and a good-natured revelry ensued wherein

Taylor was host to as varied an aggregation of types as could be possibly found. Some were already in their cups, and he was the merry toastmaster, singing his "Pat O'Leary" song and getting them to join in the chorus.

And the party continued until late. He arose to go and paid for his "feed," and when he walked out of the establishment two dark-visaged men who had been standing by, watching him—men who had not joined in his merry-making—followed.

Up dark streets he picked his way, headed for the more happy section of New York that was his home. Around a corner . . . into an alley . . . a short cut . . . hurried, muffled steps behind him . . . a sudden blow . . . and Taylor fell to the sidewalk, stunned . . . two men going through his pockets.

Having robbed him of his remaining green backs, the thugs picked him up and carried him back up the alley, through other alleys—and eventually to a wharf where a wind-beaten schooner lay with the muddy waters of the East River lapping its sides. They took him into a darkened hole below decks and left him to revive—and when he came to, he could hear the pounding of waters on wooden ship walls, and could realize that he had been—shanghaied.

The trip was a long one, months in the making. The ship, a "tramp," sailed at random into many ports on many seas. Africa, the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean were included in its itinerary, and Taylor had become used to the seaman's hard labor lot to which he had unwittingly fallen.

At an African port he had an opportunity to leave the ship, but the life appealed to him and he stuck to its standards. There were other landings made and other seas sailed—and, finally, one day, the weather-scarred "tramp" put into the harbor at Portland, Ore.

With money in his pockets, new life in his body, Taylor set about rehabilitating himself according to his precepts of a gentleman. He heard of a repertoire company forming to play in Eastern cities, and, by virtue of his past experience with Fanny Davenport, was able to qualify as one of its actors.

But, on arriving in Montreal, he found that the fortunes of the company were not altogether lucrative. The actors fought among themselves, and discord reigned generally.

A group of men were making plans for a trip into the Klondike, where gold offered alluring enticements—sufficient reward for the hardships

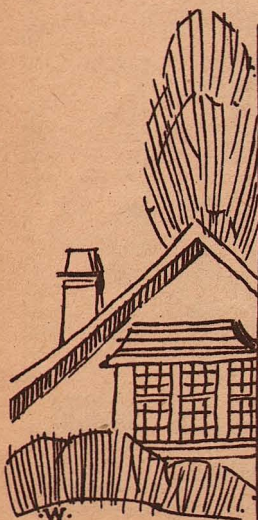
(Continued on page 8)



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

In his Captain's uniform in the British Army.

Ethel Clayton, one of the stars directed by Taylor.



The Happy Struggles of

Affectionately recounted by



Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess, Dick's mother. This photo of his mother in her youthful days, reveals the likeness between mother and son.

It is hard to make a diffident person talk about himself. Dick Barthelmess doesn't like to. He prefers to be accepted by those he meets as a "regular feller." You have to talk with his mother to hear stories of him, of how he grew up under her care, how he went to school, wrote poems, articles, short stories, was cheer-leader at college, and valedictorian, how he paraded about in a uniform when he was at military school, how he dabbled about with theatricals, amateur and professional, until finally he made off to a motion picture studio, to rise slowly at first, and then with amazing suddenness, into prominence as a featured player and then as a star. But enough, Mrs. Barthelmess tells "Movie Weekly" readers about the son she so dearly loves.

father, who had belonged to the 22nd Regiment, died. We lived on at the old place on Central Park West, but when my resources became low, about the time Dick was eight years old, I determined that Dick would not suffer for lack of education or the proper upbringing on my account, so I determined to try my hand at the stage. I had met Mr. Belasco, and through him I obtained an engagement with Mrs. Fiske, in "Mary of Magdalen."

Until that time, Dick had gone to Hamilton Institute, opposite the American Museum of Natural History, a few blocks from where we lived. But as soon as I saw that my efforts to become an actress were meeting with success, I knew that I would have to send him to an institution where his entire welfare would be watched over. He had been a dutiful boy; he was entirely devoted to me, but I was just as well satisfied that he should go to a boys' school, where he would learn to be a man among men.

After a great deal of examination of the prospectuses of various schools, I chose the Hudson

He told me he had been good, but later, when he was talking about the drills, he mentioned that "Sud" had been afraid of the ponies and had gone through the formation with tears streaming down his face.

Then Dick's habit of telling the truth came to the front. "Mother," he said, "you think I was a good boy. Well, I pummelled the life out of 'Sud' Palmer for crying."

Dick's first appearance in public took place at that school. At the commencement, he recited a poem called "Little Brown-Eyed Rebel." I arrived at Nyack too late to be present at the commencement, but early enough for the dance that was to follow. Dick met me at the station, looking rather peculiar.

"Well, what happened, son?" I asked him.

"Nuthin'," he replied.

"But why do you look at me so funny? Something must be wrong."

He could contain himself no longer. He pushed back the lapel of his coat and showed me the medal he had won for his recitation.

Dick's first trip with show people took place at that time. During one of the holidays, I took him with me to Chicago. Tyrone Power headed the company. He played the part of a man who was supposed to be down-and-out, and on his return to his home, he appeared on the stage in a makeup that was positively repulsive. The critics scored his makeup, but he persisted in using it, saying that the role required it. One day Dick remarked:

"Why does Mr. Power make himself look so dirty?"

The stage manager laughed, and remarked that the boy certainly had good judgment in determining stage effects.

Dick's first appearance on the stage took place in those Nyack days. Mrs. H. C. de Mille had produced a play for children which was being offered at holiday week matinees in Boston. Dick came down to visit me, wearing his uniform as manfully as possible. The play, which was called "The Little Princess," had a boy's part in it, a part played then by Donald Gallagher, but required also the use of a large number of little



A later photo of Dick and his mother. They are great pals, and Dick usually goes over a story with her.

River Military Academy, near Nyack. It was ideally situated, overlooking the river, and it offered education plus plenty of good exercise out-of-doors. This was during the height of Col. Roosevelt's popularity and the school was built on the lines of a cavalry academy, training the boys for special horsemanship and in cavalry drills. Dick wore a cavalry uniform, with a broad yellow stripe down the pants, and he was a pretty picture as he strode along beside me. The boys rode on small ponies, and Dick went through his part of things very manfully.

Nevertheless, I think he must have been more or less awed by his freedom at first, and not at all unafraid of the drills. One reason why I chose the Nyack school was that a distant relative of ours had sent his boy there. This lad, who was known as "Sud" Palmer, was Dick's constant companion.

I remember visiting the school one day and asking Dick whether he had been a good boy.

Dick's father, Alfred W. Barthelmess, an officer in the U. S. 22nd Regiment.



DICK takes after his father. There never was such a man as his father . . .

We were living in an apartment on Central Park West, overlooking the park, when Dick was born, in 1895. In those days we never thought any of us would attempt to make our living on the stage, and the motion picture wasn't even heard of then. I had spent my own youth in China. My uncle was the episcopal bishop, William J. Boone, and I had lived in the atmosphere of the foreign mission in the Orient. We had had no professionals to amuse us, so occasionally we put on amateur performances, and I played in some of them when I was a girl. But that had been the extent of my experience with the stage.

A little over a year after Dick's birth, his

Dick Barthelmess to Popular Star his Mother, Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess

girls. Dick fitted in as a little girl and so he was made up for that part and played it, as an extra. He enjoyed it mightily, so much so, that when, during the following year, Mrs. de Mille obtained the use of the Lyceum Theatre in New York, she was given a full two weeks' engagement.

Dick came to New York that time, his trunk full of Christmas gifts, and during the first week he went back to his old part, one without lines, as a girl. But Donald Gallagher fell ill at the end of the first week, and the manager of the company suggested to me that Dick would do in the part.

I told him quite frankly that Dick had had no real experience, and might make a miserable failure of it.

"I think he can do it. Let's give him a chance," he replied.

I was playing the role of a mother of several children, in steps, from a tiny tot to a sizeable girl. Dick was to be the only boy. He cried bitterly because he couldn't play a girl. We rehearsed the boy's role together at home, and Dick learned it letter perfect, all except one part. I was supposed to wear a long train, and to play a great lady. I was to rise in my drawing room and to greet a visitor, saying:

"I am charmed to know you."

As I turned and extended my hand, Dick, in the boy's part, was to unroll himself from my train, to execute a flop and to come up standing. This bit was always worth a good laugh, and Dick was so afraid that he would miss on the flop that he made me rehearse him in it a dozen times, and he went on with the part successfully.

When Dick completed his course at the Hudson Academy, he didn't know what prep school to enter. He was visiting some friends at that time, and found himself in a Christian Science group. During his visit, the family dog, a beautiful shepherd named Tad, fell ill. Dick's hosts, instead of calling in a veterinarian, employed Science to cure the dog. They succeeded so well that Dick was greatly impressed, and insisted on adopting their recommendation to go to Manor School, at Stamford, Connecticut, a Christian Science institution.

Dick, a rolly-polly youngster at the age of five.



There he again lived in ideal surroundings. Manor was on a bluff overlooking the ocean, and Dick had a room in an old house which had formerly been occupied by Edwin Booth. He was very active at Manor. At Hudson he had been trained in horsemanship, and he had gone skating, ice-boating on the river and had had considerable out-of-door exercise, although he was not particularly inclined toward athletics. At Manor he did a little in the track meets, but he excelled more as a writer. He was editor of the Papyrus, the school publication, he tried out for the football team, and he was the valedictorian.

When he was still at Hudson, I had forbidden him to swim in the river, principally because the school was below Nyack and I was afraid that the water would be contaminated by the sewage. But you couldn't keep him out of the water. I visited the school one day, and was with a group of the boys. Dick had assured me he had never gone in swimming, but I heard the boys say they thought they would go in for a swim.

"But you don't swim down here, do you?" I asked.

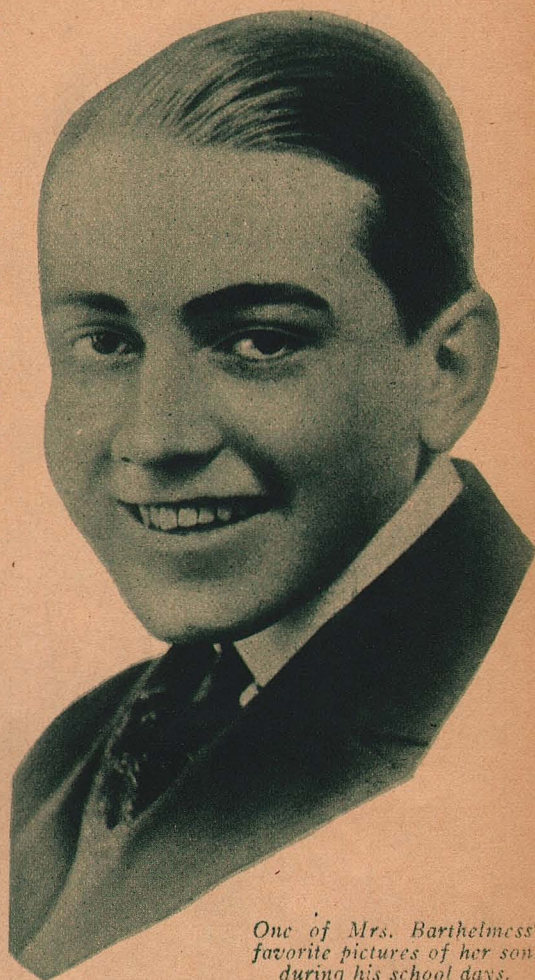


At the age of 14.

"Oh, no," one of them replied. "We don't go in swimming, do we, Dick?"

And my boy looked at me rather sheepishly. He was too active to withstand restraint of that kind. And it was this same activity which earned for him the honor of being valedictorian at Manor. The school wanted to honor some of the sons of richer parents than Dick had, but his work had been so good that the offer was made to him, after the failure of a boy who had been designated previously to write something acceptable. Dick was told to choose any subject he cared for. He went to the library and, as he had seen Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" with me, he wrote an article called "The Joy of School Life," based on that play.

When Dick left Manor, we knew that we did not have a business man on our hands. Like his father, who often said that he could not stand being cooped up in a business office, Dick had shown evidences of a desire to break away from the routine of a business life. He had shown



One of Mrs. Barthelmess' favorite pictures of her son, during his school days.

some little talent as an artist, principally in drawing valentines for me, I must confess, but he had written a great deal, and had entered actively into the literary life at school.

I still have a copy of one of his poems. It is a crude thing, but it is an evidence of his tendencies.

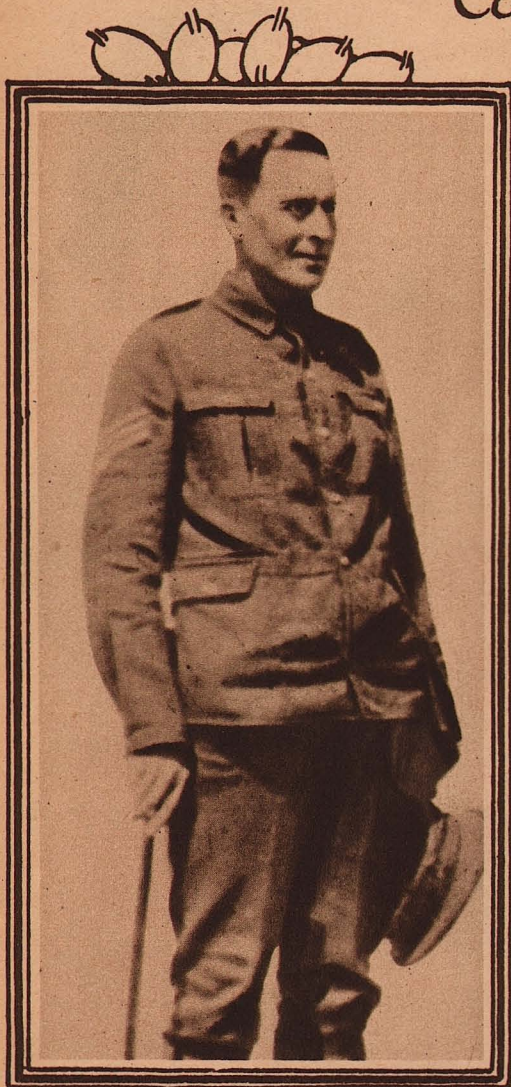
It is called "Friends of Shakespeare." The frayed, yellowing copy I have is pencilled, and was written when he was no more than twelve."

It was only a childish effort, yet it showed what Dick preferred. But I could not afford to send him to college just then. That season I was playing the mother in "The Only Son" on the road. We had booked Kansas City, and when I reached that city I was visited by Sidney C. Partridge, whom I had known in China. He was a pastor and he had always shown a deep interest in Dick. We talked Dick's future over one evening during my stay in Kansas City. On my way back to the East, I stopped off again to see Mr. Partridge. He had recommended Trinity College, and said he might be able to arrange to help Dick through Trinity. I had written to Dick in the meantime and asked if he would like to go to Trinity. It was near Manor. He had met several Trinity boys and it was acceptable to him in every way. Later, he was given a scholarship there, and his university career began.

In her concluding article, Mrs. Barthelmess relates the story of Dick's days in Trinity. How Dick went into pictures will be related both by his mother and by himself.

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

Continued from Page 5



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Showing Director Taylor wearing the stripes of a "non-com" in the ranks of the English Army.

that an Alaskan expedition would surely bring forth.

But Taylor was used to hardships. In his heart was the continual desire for adventure, and he felt that no hardships that he would experience on a gold-hunting expedition could in any way compare with those he had rather recently undergone as a seaman on the tramp schooner.

He set out from Montreal via the famous "long route" across Canada. Eventually he found himself crossing the Canadian Rockies—and still he and his fellow *voyageurs* kept on.

History tells of the rough-and-tumble assortment of characters that went into the Klondike in those boom days. There were the dregs of humanity and the dross of civilization gone "north of 53" to seek their fortune, but Taylor was undaunted. He had met rough people before in his life; in fact, he enjoyed the freshness of their viewpoint, the primitive quality of their inherent conventions.

At first he worked with other prospectors in the ice-clad Alaskan fields. Later, however, he found it to his advantage to keep a store for miners, and this proved to be a bonanza for him. In Nome he fell ill with typhus fever and nearly died, and, weakened, he began to yearn once again for his home in the States. With a small fortune in his pockets he returned, and finally made his

way to Boston, where he was a member of the famous Castle Garden theatre company.

But, at that time of his life—when he was merging from youth into the fullest of manhood—when he had found his ideals alternately strengthened and shaken, shaken and strengthened—he could not control his desire to see the land of the midnight sun. Alaska seemed to be in his blood.

And, beside, he was embittered, made sorrowful by the outcome of his marriage, for he learned that his wife had divorced him.

Again he set out for the frozen north; and again do we find him fighting in the eternal struggle of mankind for his stake. The scratching of the earth for its gold did not directly appeal to him and, in Dawson, a town that had sprung up mushroom-like and comprised only the most basic fundamentals of civilization, Taylor soon came to be known as "the man who could play a banjo."

But he had both ability and ambition. Merely playing a banjo—even though its metallic tones brought him ready money from the amusement-hungry denizens of the north country—failed to satisfy him. The proprietor of a small theatre, wherein a company of stock actors labored, unceasingly, recognized, in Taylor, a man who could carry on the work successfully.

He was engaged as producer and stage director. Often he would act—and, frequently, he would paint the scenery to suit his requirements.

None of the old sourdoughs who are now scattered throughout the country, living on the wealth they amassed in those earlier days, are impressed by a name so imposing as William Desmond Taylor. But they all remember him as "Bill," who produced what they considered very high-class plays at "Arizona Charley's" popular house. Some recall him as Jimmy Taylor—and, to others, he was known as 'Gene.

But, according to an old miner acquaintance of Taylor's, the carefully-groomed, reserved, quiet Englishman harbored a secret sorrow, which, with him, was deep and everlasting.

And it was apparent to his two housemates, a prospector and a poet, both of whom had gone north to recoup lost wealth and fortunes. He would work at his theatre until late at night and, frequently, on arriving home, would be steeped in deep thought.

But he never divulged the reason for that sorrow—and persons who knew him could only sense what he was suffering by the deep sighs that occasionally made themselves heard, much against his wishes.

For Taylor's was "a grief that you can't control," to use the phrase of a poet.

The money Taylor made in the north he invested unwisely in the United States. Came a letter to him one day telling him that his presence was needed in San Francisco. As silently as he had slipped into Alaska, he slipped out of it. Perhaps, he kept thinking, he could live quietly in the States on his earnings—perhaps . . .!

But, as the hand of tragedy has pointed so poignantly in his direction all through his life, so does it point again toward him. For, in San Francisco, his solicitors informed him that he had lost his savings.

He was penniless!

Again there was that heart-rending search for work—something, *anything*, to do to keep food in his mouth and a roof over his head. And yet even though his talents were many, he suffered horrible privations for days, for work was scarce.

Finally he met Harry Corson Clarke, the globe-trotting actor, who was preparing to take his company *en tour* to the Hawaiian Islands. He offered the down-and-out man a chance, once again, to return to the stage, and Taylor took it. Nevertheless, his craving for the money-fields of Alaska had not been stilled. He told his em-

ployer tales of the northern Eldorado—of the chances a man had to rehabilitate himself in the graces of his God and his fellow men. And, further, he would say that he had a claim "up there" that he wanted money to work—a claim that would make him fabulously rich if he could but get sufficient backing to open it.

Always with this ambition of getting fabulously rich in mind, he set sail for Honolulu with the Clarke aggregation. Rehearsals were in progress while the boat journey was being made, and by the time the company reached their mid-Pacific destination, the show was ready to go on.

For a month Taylor acted in the play. And then, one day, he learned that carpenters were needed to help build a new theatre which was in course of construction.

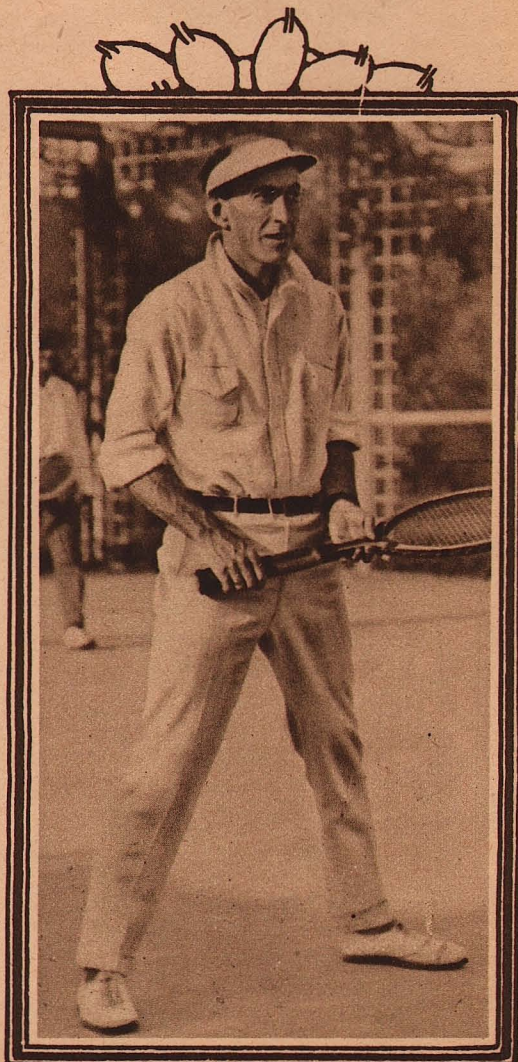
Alaska! His dream of getting money to work his claim!

Once again did his mind revert to these musings. And, to earn more money—or, as he afterward said, to "bring Alaska some months nearer"—he got work as a carpenter.

It was a trying ordeal, this working by day with hammer and saw and acting in the theatre at night, but Taylor did it for the remaining two months that Clarke played in Honolulu.

His one thought—his sole ambition—was then to make a success of his mining claim in far-off Alaska. But, even though he had worked un-

(Continued on page 31)



Director William de Mille, one of Taylor's studio co-workers.

Doris Kenyon says:— "Take your work, not Yourself, seriously.."

by Billie Blenton

WITH memories of Doris Kenyon's excellent work as feature player in the Broadway success, "Up the Ladder," and in such screen productions as "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" "The Ruling Passion," and others, we meander over to her New York apartment, one delightful spring day in April to see that charming individual in person.

You are exuberant with the vague promise of something new that springtime breathes into your being. And so you enter the elevator and up to Doris' apartment, where she lives with her mother and father. It is Doris, herself, who opens the door to your ring. And the promise of spring is personified in the sincerity of her who smiles gladly as she welcomes you.

You are guided to the living room, simply and artistically furnished, with a row of fascinating books at the far end. The spirit of home is in this room. And you are happy.

Doris takes your things and as you seat yourself with a grateful sigh into the yielding softness of the chaise lounge, your eyes view with pleasure the tall, willowy grace-

Tramping—a favorite outdoor pastime.



APEDA

Doris Kenyon in a happy mood.

She sighs, and gazes at you dolorously, a whimsical smile slightly parting the lips. Deliberately you gaze fiercely at nothing. Being thus trapped, Doris needs must talk about herself.

"To tell you the truth," she confesses with a laugh broken by a serious undertone, "I didn't intend going into pictures at all. I aspired to be an opera singer, I hope to be one, some day. So while I went to school, I studied voice. One day at my teacher's studio, I sang for Victor Herbert. He knew Madame Von Feilitzsch and through her, became interested in me, and offered me a small part in his new musical comedy, "Princess Pat."

"Wasn't I the proud person when I entered to say my few words! And wasn't I surcharged with a confidence that awes me to this day. I had all my nerve then. But not now.

"Well, we opened on Broadway. The prima donna was suffering from first-night nervousness. I wondered how she could. I don't anymore! Being fired with confidence, I taxed it to the extreme by gazing blissfully around at the audience. In the front row was a man who stared at me continually, only to turn to talk to his companion and then to resume his staring.

"I was standing next to Sam Hardy and was so thrilled at this attention that I turned to him and whispered: 'That man in the first row there is talking about us.' Sam motioned for me to be quiet but I couldn't. I was so excited.

"The long and short of it," chuckled Doris, "was the stage manager came to see me after the performance and told me that the President of a motion picture company, believed I had a screen face and wanted me to phone him the next day to make an appointment for a test.

"I wasn't especially excited at this. My career was to be a singer—not an actress. Nevertheless, I wrote the producer a note, and in due course an appointment was made and

we motored over to his Fort Lee Studio where a test was made.

"I didn't want to go into pictures, but the offer was too interesting, and I signed up for two years with an option for the third.

"My first picture part was in an Alice Brady production, "The Rack." And her leading man was Milton Sills. This was a coincidence," she leaned forward, lightly clasping her hands, a movement peculiarly her own when she is enthused.

"When I went to private school, my chum and I used to save our allowance and cut afternoon classes to go to a show. We saw one in which Milton Sills played, and we both fell in love with him at once. You know how school girls are.

"We went to see Milton Sills again and again, until the play finally left for the road. When I met Mr. Sills at the studio, his face struck me as vaguely familiar but I couldn't place him, not until those school days came back to me. Then I told him all about it, and he enjoyed the telling as much as I did.



On the lawn of her country home.

ful figure that walks across the room. Your heart responds to the radiant smile and the happiness shining from the violet-blue eyes. They revel in the dimple that is the natural beauty spot that guide them to the soft lips. It is good to be alive.

You talk—of many subjects. Not of Doris. You commence to air your views with daring emphasis on things you don't know much about. Doris is interested. So are you. Why not? Aren't you doing all the talking? Doris listens earnestly, and now and then disagrees, whereupon an argument ensues. Suddenly you become conscious of a dark suspicion—Doris is an extraordinarily good interviewer. If you don't watch your p's and q's she'll get a story—not you. Therefore, finding yourself at a loss how to approach the subject of Doris with interview—subtlety, you resort to bluntness.

Naturally, those of us who are doing this interview want to know how Doris achieved her first humble start on stage and screen.

But wasn't that an interesting co-incidence my first picture being with him?" She paused, the better to relish the memory.

"Well," taking up the thread of the narrative, "it seemed that I was destined to stay in pictures, for I'm still in. I never abandoned my stage work, though, or my music—And so I've just kept on working."

"But what," we question, "what is the secret of your success?"

She laughed heartily, but disagreeingly, at the word "success."

"I have no secret. I simply believe in taking your work seriously; not yourself. If you take yourself seriously, it won't take you long to be warped by egoism. If you take your work seriously, you never forget just how long and hard a road really lies before you before you arrive anywhere near the goal, Success."

Perhaps, too, this explains Doris' broad-mindedness. Her onward march as a poetess, (Continued on page 29)

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

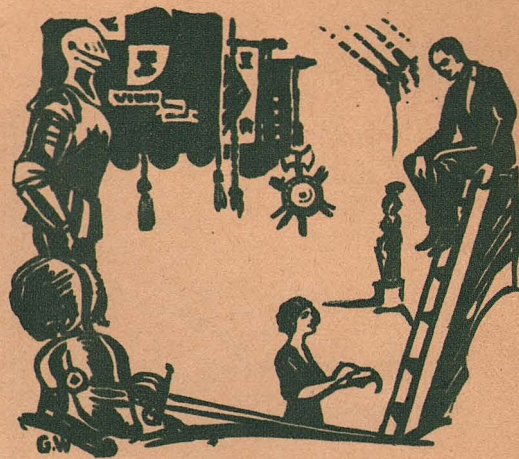
James Desboro, man about town, is visited by a former sweetheart who is now married to an acquaintance of Desboro's. She tells him that she cannot stand her husband any longer, and asks Desboro to take her in.

Her husband has followed her and comes in at this point, and Desboro prevails on her to return with him.

He goes to see an antique dealer and finds he has died and his daughter is keeping up the business.

He is strangely interested in her and engages her to catalogue his antiques.

He puts off a pleasure trip to the south so that he may be home when she calls to start work.



At eleven o'clock the next morning Miss Nevers had not arrived at Silverwood.

It was still raining hard, the brown Westchester fields, the leafless trees, hedges, paths, roads, were soaked; pools stood in hollows with the dead grass awash; ditches brimmed, river and brook ran amber riot, and alder swamps widened into lakes.

The chances were now that she would not come at all. Desboro had met both morning trains, but she was not visible, and all the passengers had departed leaving him wandering alone along the dripping platform.

For a while he stood moodily on the village bridge beyond, listening to the noisy racket of the swollen brook; and it occurred to him that there was laughter in the noises of the water, like the mirth of the gods mocking him.

"Laugh on, high ones!" he said. "I begin to believe myself the ass that I appear to you."

Presently he wandered back to the station platform, where he idled about, playing with a stray and nondescript dog or two, and caressing the station-master's cat; then, when he had about decided to get into his car and go home, it suddenly occurred to him that he might telephone to New York for information. And he did so, and learned that Miss Nevers had departed that morning on business, for a destination unknown, and would not return before evening.

Also, the station-master informed him that the morning express now deposited passengers at Silverwood Station, on request—an innovation of which he had not before heard; and this put him into excellent spirits.

"Aha!" he said to himself, considerably elated. "Perhaps I'm not such an ass as I appear. Let the high gods laugh!"

So he lighted a cigarette, played with the wastrel dogs some more, flattered the cat till she nearly rubbed her head off against his legs, took a small and solemn child onto his knee and presented it with a silver dollar, while its overburdened German mother publicly nourished another.

"You are really a remarkable child," he gravely assured the infant on his knee. "You possess a most extraordinary mind!"—the child not having uttered a word or betrayed a vestige of human expression upon its slightly soiled features.

Presently the near whistle of the Connecticut Express brought him to his feet. He lifted the astonishingly gifted infant and walked out; and when the express rolled past and stopped, he set it on the day-coach platform beside its stolid parent, and waved to it an impressive adieu.

At the same moment, descending from the train, a tall young girl, in waterproofs, witnessed the proceedings, recognized Desboro, and smiled at the little ceremony taking place.

"Yours?" she inquired, as hat off, hand extended, he came forward to welcome her—and the next moment blushed at her impulsive informality.

"Oh, all kids seem to be mine, somehow or other," he said. "I'm awfully glad you came. I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't believe you really existed, for one thing. And then the weather—"

"Do you suppose mere weather could keep me from the Desboro collection? You have much to learn about me."

"I'll begin lessons at once," he said gaily, "if you don't mind giving them. Do you?"

She smiled non-committally, and looked around her at the departing vehicles.

"We have a limousine waiting for us behind the station," he said. "It's five muddy miles."

"I had been wondering all the way up in the train just how I was to get to Silverwood—"

"You didn't suppose I'd leave you to find your way, did you?"

"Business people don't expect limousines," she

said, with an unmistakable accent that sounded priggish even to herself—so prim, indeed, that he laughed outright; and she finally laughed, too.

"This is very jolly, isn't it?" he remarked, as they sped away through the rain.

She conceded that it was.

"It's going to be a most delightful day," he predicted.

She thought it was likely to be a busy day.

"And delightful, too," he insisted politely.

"Why particularly delightful, Mr. Desboro?"

"I thought you were looking forward with keen pleasure to your work in the Desboro collection!"

She caught a latent glimmer of mischief in his eye, and remained silent, not yet quite certain that she liked this constant running fire of words that always seemed to conceal a hint of laughter at her expense.

Had they been longer acquainted, and on a different footing, she knew that whatever he said would have provoked a response in kind from her. But friendship is not usually born from a single business interview; nor is it born perfect, like a fairy ring, over night. And it was only last night, she made herself remember, that she first laid eyes on Desboro. Yet it seemed curious that whatever he said seemed to awaken in her its echo; and, though she knew it was an absurd idea, the idea persisted that she already began to understand this young man better than she had ever understood any other of his sex.

He was talking now at random, idly but agreeably, about nothing in particular. She, muffled in the fur robe, looked out through the limousine windows into the rain, and saw brown fields set with pools in every furrow, and squares of winter wheat, intensely green.

And now the silver birch woods, which had given the house its name, began to appear as outlying clumps across the hills; and in a few moments the car swung into a gateway under groves of solemnly-dripping Norway spruces, then up a wide avenue, lined with ranks of leafless, hardwood trees and thickets of laurel and rhododendron, and finally stopped before a house made of grayish-brown stone, in the rather inoffensive architecture of early eighteen hundred.

Mrs. Quant, in best bib and tucker, received them in the hallway, having been instructed by Desboro concerning her attitude toward the expected guest. But when she became aware of the youth of the girl, she forgot her sniffs and misgivings, and she waddled, and bobbed, and curtsied, overflowing with a desire to fondle, and cherish, and instruct, which only fear of Desboro choked off.

But as soon as Jacqueline had followed her to the room assigned, and had been divested of wet outer-clothing, and served with hot tea, Mrs. Quant became loquacious and confidential concerning her own ailments and sorrows, and the history and misfortunes of the Desboro family.

Jacqueline wished to decline the cup of tea, but Mrs. Quant insisted; and the girl yielded.

"Air you sure you feel well, Miss Nevers?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, of course."

"Don't be too sure," said Mrs. Quant ominously. "Sometimes them that feels bestest is sickest. I've seen a sight of sickness in my day, dearie—typod, mostly. You ain't never had typod, now, hev you?"

"Typhoid?"

"Yes'm, typod!"

"No, I never did."

"Then you take an old woman's advice, Miss Nevers, and don't you go and git it!"

Jacqueline promised gravely; but Mrs. Quant was now fairly launched on her favorite topic.

"I've been forty-two years in this place—and Quant—my man—he was head farmer here when he was took. Typod, it was, dearie—and you won't never git it if you'll listen to me—and Quant, a man that never quarreled with his vittles, but he was for going off without 'em that morning. Sez he, 'Cassie, I don't feel good this mornin''—and a piece of pie and a pork chop layin' there onto his plate. 'My vittles don't set right,' sez he; 'I ain't a mite peckish.' Sez I, 'Quant, you lay right down, and don't you stir a inch! You've gone and got a mild form of typod,' sez I, knowing about sickness as I allus had a gift, my father bein' a natural bone-setter. And those was my very words, dearie, 'a mild form of typod.' And I was right and he was took. And when folks ain't well, it's mostly that they've got a mild form of typod which some call malairy—"

There was no stopping her; Jacqueline tasted her hot tea and listened sympathetically to that woman of many sorrows. And, sipping her tea, she was obliged to assist at the obsequies of Quant, the nativity of young Desboro, the dissolution of his grandparents and parents, and many, many minor details, such as the freezing of water-pipes in 1907, the menace of the chestnut blight, mysterious maladies which had affected cattle on the farm—every variety of death, destruction, dissolution, and despondency that had been Mrs. Quant's portion to witness.

And how she gloried in detailing her dismal career; and presently pessimistic prophecies for the future became plainer as her undammed eloquence flowed on:

"And Mr. James, he ain't well, neither," she said in a hoarse whisper. "He don't know it, and he won't listen to me, dearie, but I know he's

(Continued on page 27)

How to Get Into the Movies

by
Mabel Normand

VIII.

AS I said in the previous chat, your first stop in Hollywood should be at the Studio Club, where you may get some tips as to to employment, and learn in particular, the studios which are using "extras."

You must know that certain pictures require only a small cast, while others have scenes that call for a large number of people. Such scenes may take only a day to shoot; then again they may run along for a week or more.

Occasionally a studio inserts a notice in the papers calling for extras. Usually, however, they can get all they want by telephoning those whom they have listed and whom they have employed before.

Unless you are exceptionally fortunate, you will have to take your place in line with those who patiently wait at the casting offices of the studios. It is impossible for me or for anyone to tell you how to attract the attention of the casting director or his assistant who stands behind the little window marked "casting department."

In a previous article I did advise you about your appearance. Dress neatly in your best suit. See that your shoes are trim and polished, your nails manicured and your hair done in its most becoming fashion. Do not attempt to attract attention by gaudy clothes or affected manner. The scenes which call for "extras" are usually ballroom scenes, cafes or social functions of some sort, and for these girls are required who appear to be ladies.

If possible make the acquaintance of someone who can introduce you to the casting director or his assistant. Even though there is no work at the moment he will be able to give you some advice and probably will tell you to register at an exchange from which "extras" are employed. This exchange is a regular employment agency for players who do "atmosphere" or "bits."

It will be necessary for you to have photographs of yourself to leave at this exchange and at the offices of the casting directors. Before you have finished you will find that you need several dozen, for once you part with them you will see them no more. They will be placed on a file with a card giving information as to your appearance, your previous experience if any, your address and telephone number.

Decide at the outset that you have perseverance and that you will keep going the rounds until you get in. Don't feel that you are being turned down when the casting director tells you coldly that there is nothing doing. He probably speaks the truth. There are no companies needing extras at that special time. Ask him in your best manner to take your name and telephone number in the event that something turns up later. Casting directors usually are willing to register applicants.

I would try first to find someone who could introduce me or give me a note to a casting director, or to someone in a studio who would

perform the introduction. Then I would make my call at once. It will be impossible, of course, to get letters to all the studios. Those where you have no introduction must be approached, as I have said, through the casting office.

Get a list of all the studios in Hollywood, Culver City and Los Angeles. Visit each in turn until you have made yourself known to the casting office—then keep on going until you are given a chance to earn an extra's pay.

It's hard work, this making the rounds. You will have to spend a good many hours on the trolley going from Hollywood to Los Angeles,

of everyone you meet, but it does no harm to make a friend of everyone.

You will find that there are a great many people in the film game who are not your sort, people with whom you haven't a great deal in common, but there is no harm in being friendly toward them. Every girl must cultivate tact, if she doesn't already possess it, for it will be needed in making friends and also in keeping from being drawn too intimately into associations that she does not desire. It is fine to be a good fellow—the right sort of good fellow. Directors like to have players who are cheerful, who can mix fun with work and who can endure hardships without grumbling. A girl who can live up to Kipling's poem "If" should have a great future in films. But a lot of beginners imagine that being a "good fellow" means doing exactly what others do. That isn't so. People respect you for having the character to do what you want to do, provided that in so doing you do not interfere with the rights of others. You do not have to go on parties to be a good fellow. You only have to be amiable, sincere, and always on the job at the studio. A girl who stays up late at night is not going to appear at her best at nine o'clock in the morning when the studios start work. Of course, you need recreation, but be conservative. If you want to go to a dance, make it a week-end night when there is no work the next day. I have made it a habit to go to bed early every night, previous to a working day. Sometimes I retire as early as eight o'clock, have my dinner served in bed and just read and relax until sleep comes. Sleep is the greatest beautifier and health-giver in the world. And you cannot have too much either of beauty or of health.

I cannot tell you in advance just which studios will be needing girls for extra work, but I do advise you to pay special attention to those which make comedies—such studios as the Mack Sennett, Christie, Hal Roach, Buster Keaton, Vitagraph and Universal. A producer of two-reel comedies is willing to take an inexperienced girl if she is pretty, because not much acting ability is required for minor parts in comedies. I recently heard a well-known comedian complain that he found it impossible to secure enough really pretty girls for his comedies. There are plenty who are attractive to the eye, perhaps, but not many who stand the camera test.

I consider the two-reel comedies the best primary schools of motion picture work. They make you over-act, and that is a good thing, for the trouble with most young actresses is that they cannot let go of their emotions. They seem cold. Comedy calls for quick and breezy action, which eventually relieves a girl of self-consciousness and gives her spontaneity of expression. Consult the list of popular stars today and you will find that the majority started in two-reel comedies—Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost and even Pola Negri, I'm told.



Mabel Normand
-the Author

from Los Angeles to Culver City or Edendale, or out to the Selig studio near East Lake Park. It's tiresome and discouraging as are all pursuits that are worth while. But if you start out with determination and optimism you will be able to enjoy the game of it. By making friends you will find the road more congenial and much, much easier.

A great deal is said about the necessity for "pull" in getting into pictures. "Pull" means simply friendships. You have a better chance of getting into any business and securing promotions if you have friends in that business. Personality counts off screen as well as on. An engaging, genial person soon has a lot of acquaintances, some of whom are travelling the same road as she is and others who may be somewhat ahead in the game. It isn't necessary to make a chum

SECRETS of the MOVIES . . . At the Bottom of the Ocean

XI

THERE was a young cartoonist in Norfolk, Va., who had a hobby of photography. His father was an old sea captain who had invented a contrivance for removing treasure from sunken ships and, if possible, raising them. It consisted of a big steel coil covered on the outside with canvas and rubber and down the inside of which they could go. At the bottom it

flanged out into a bell shape, and with glass sides to look out the divers could see what was going on.

Between the hours on the paper, the young cartoonist-photographer would slip out to Hampton Roads and enjoy life. He found that by running a light to the bottom the fish would come flocking around it—that is, if fish flock. He made some pictures under water by pressing his camera against the sides of the diving-bell and photographing some "croakers."

An idea hit him. Why not put people there instead of croakers? He did, with a more complex and elaborate equipment—and thus made the first under-water motion picture. The man was J. Ernest Williamson, and today he and his brother make practically all the under-sea pictures.

Most of the submarine movies are made around the Bahamas, as the water is clear. There is much sunlight to help out and the white coral on the bottom also reflects the light. Big electric lights are used, and thus equipped, a camera will reach more than a hundred feet under the water.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

IT is a source of interest to me to know how the various motion picture players indulge themselves in physical relaxation, for, after all, that is what exercise amounts to.

Lila Lee, now, of the younger contingent of players, says her two favorite sports are basketball and swimming. In fact, she goes a step further to say: "no duck was ever happier in the water than I when I am taking my plunge and swim."

Having been on the stage and screen since she was a little girl, Miss Lee's time has been pretty well occupied with her work, but the "busier one is, the more he does." So it is that she says: "I have always taken advantage of every opportunity to indulge in outdoor exercising. This is one reason, perhaps, for my splendid health and physical condition. I can't remember ever being sick and am always in the best of health."

Then there is Charlie Chaplin who works continuously, either in completing one comedy or in planning his next. A producer-star is kept busy attending to the commercial as well as the artistic end of his affairs, and, even though a special man takes the burden of actual financial details off his shoulders, Charlie is kept "on the go."



Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett



Betty Compson

BEAUTY PAGES

He recognizes, however, the value of bodily welfare. Thus it is that right on the lot he has a swimming pool. A plunge and a hard rubdown quiets the nerves and pummels the blood through the weary body with renewed force. From what I have been told, Charlie also is quite a gym goer. Muscles must be kept strong and not be permitted to get flabby and soft. It stands to reason that only by actual work can the brain achieve success. Borne down by physical weakness, how can success come to any man or woman?

Wallie Reid is another who is an enthusiast for sports and exercises. Mr. Reid is a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club, and here he enjoys the pleasure of a well equipped gym. "The value of athletics and good, consistent exercise," he says, "is three-fold. They prevent many of the small ills and indispositions to which a weak physique is subject; they give one the stamina to withstand any physical hardship which might arise at any time, and they develop and sustain the body in its normal, healthy state, hardening the muscles and keeping the human mechanism in perfect running order."

Exactly! And very well put. Mr. Reid admits he never lets a day go by without spending an active hour in the gymnasium, this being quite outside his partaking of such sports as golf, tennis, polo and swimming.

Those who read, take a lesson from picture players who take care of themselves physically with the same attention as most people attempt to earn their own living.



Mack Sennett



Mack Sennett



Mack Sennett

Norma Talmadge~

FORTUNE TELLER

Try These At Your Hallowe'en Party

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD

If an engaged girl wishes to know if her lover is faithful she must, on the eve of the festival, put two nuts on the bars of the grate, naming one after her lover and one after herself. Should the nut named after her lover crack or jump, he will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a true regard for the person making the test; if both nuts burn together, the girl and her lover will be married within a short period.

One of the most fortunate of Hallowe'en love spells is to put on a tray, near the bedside, before going to sleep, three berries—one white, one red, and one black. On waking, stretch out the hand and take one of the berries with the eyes closed. If it is the white one, tradition says you will be married within twelve months; if red you will be engaged within the same period; but if black, your destiny is to remain an old maid.

To put a horseshoe under the pillow on this night will keep away evil influences from yourself and your lover for the year to come.

Here is another Hallowe'en method by which a girl can discover her lot in marriage. Place three dishes on a table—one should be empty, another should be filled with plain water, and the other should contain colored fluid. Then, blindfolded, she must dip her fingers into one of these dishes at random. If the empty dish is touched, a single life is portended; if the plain-water vessel, a happy marriage is denoted; whilst the dish of colored fluid means that the girl will outlive him whom she marries.

WHOM SHALL I MARRY?

It is not difficult to discover the initials of your future husband. You have only to make a circle with the letters of the alphabet. In the center mark a small circle. Over this a wedding ring must be steadily suspended on a single hair of your head. Watch to which letter the ring swings. The first time it will indicate the initial of the Christian name, the second that of the surname.

AND WHEN?

To discover when you will marry, pull a long hair from your head and sling on to it a borrowed wedding ring. Hold the ring suspended on the hair just below the top of a tumbler half-filled with water. Try to keep your hand as still as possible. The ring will begin to swing gently, and at last to touch the glass, and as often as it tinkles against the glass so many years will you have to wait ere you wed.

By a slice of wedding cake it is said one may readily learn the future, since if a piece of it be passed nine times through a wedding ring and then laid under the pillow without the owner speaking or eating, the magic of the ring, combined with the cake, will cause the future spouse to appear in a vision to the sleeper.

If you receive a written promise of marriage, or any declaration of love in a letter, prick the words with a sharp-pointed needle; fold in three folds, and place it under your head when you retire to rest. If you dream of diamonds, castles, or even a clear sky, there is no deceit in the letter; trees in blossom, or flowers, a proposal soon; washing or graves show you will lose him to a rival; and water shows he is faithful, but that you will go through severe poverty with him for some time, though all may end well.

AN INDIAN LOVE CHARM

If you wish to know how your present love affair will turn out, take two halves of a walnut shell, fix a wax match in each with sealing-wax, light the matches, name the half shells for yourself and your lover, and set them floating in a basin of water. All will go well if they keep side by side with their lights burning; but if they drift apart or overturn, love will grow cold or troubles will come to mar your happiness. As the lights burn, so you may judge of your sweetheart's fidelity and your own feelings. This is an Eastern love charm which comes from ancient India.

Another spell is to wet a shirt sleeve, hang it up near the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight, when the apparition of your future partner in life will come into the room and turn the sleeve.

SIGNS TO LOOK FOR AT TEA TIME

To leave a teapot lid open undesignedly is an indication that a stranger is coming.

A tea leaf floating in a cup is a sure sign of a visitor. If two or more leaves float there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard the visitor will be a gentleman; if soft, a lady.

The leaf, on being taken from the cup, should be placed on the back of the left hand and struck with the side of the right fist, the striker repeating at each stroke the words—Monday, Tuesday, etc. The day the name of which is repeated when first the leaf adheres to the right hand is that on which the visitor may be expected.

If you are not prepared to receive visitors, take the stick to the door and throw it from you, saying:

*"Pass the door,
You've come before
You're wanted."*

Two spoons in one saucer foretell a wedding, and to tell the number of months that will elapse before it happens, balance one of the spoons on the edge of the cup, making sure it is perfectly dry. Then fill the other spoon with tea, and let the tea drop gently into the balanced spoon. Every drop counts for a month and the number of months that are to pass before the wedding comes round is indicated when the spoon sinks.

The bubbles that rise up in the teacup, if they come from sugar in the tea, are kisses; but if the tea has no sugar in it, money; to secure either you must skim them off and sip them up from the spoon.

More Things you don't know about the Stars

□ □ □ □ □

Anita Stewart, Musician

ANITA STEWART once gave music lessons! It was when she was a little girl of twelve, too! Just when most girls are either playing with dolls or beginning to scorn them.

It all came out this way. I was visiting Miss Stewart one day at her home in Hollywood, and her mother was lunching with us. After lunch, noting the piano in the corner, I asked Miss Stewart if she played. I found that she did, and very nicely.

Then her mother told me of Miss Stewart's beginnings in music.

It seems the family were not wealthy, as has been so often said. Miss Stewart's father was in the insurance and stock broking busi-



A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA
by SPURR



ness, but was a merely fairly successful business man. Anita wanted to study the piano, but the family finances did not warrant her studying with the best teachers.

"One day," related her mother, "Anita came home all elated. She had been visiting a neighbor. 'Mamma!' she exclaimed, 'What do you think? I've got some music pupils!'"

"She was just twelve years old then, but had made fair progress in her studies. So she faithfully stayed at home on Saturdays, when other little girls were playing or attending the matinee, and gave music lessons to stupid children. She earned enough to study with an excellent teacher. She's a wonderfully good girl, Anita."

Rambling Through the Studios of the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Pola Negri Says Charlie Chaplin "Is Charming"

John Barrymore Taken to Task

THERE is now playing on Broadway an artistic novelty originally from Moscow, known as Baileff's "Chauve-Souriz." Ye Rambler successfully purchased seats for an evening's performance and anticipated a jolly time.

John Barrymore and a loquacious friend sat directly behind us, and if Barrymore wasn't talking, the other man was, thus keeping up a steady murmur of annoying masculine comments.

The girl sitting next to us turned around to glare at Mr. Barrymore, and, seeing our sympathetic smile, sarcastically confided: "I wonder how he would feel if some one talked during one of his performances! These artists—pah!"

We recalled a time when he did have occasion to feel in a similar situation. It was while he and his brother Lionel were co-starring on Broadway in "The Jest." Someone in the audience inadvertently whispered to a friend, whereupon John interrupted the action to step forward and sternly state that the play would not continue until the audience was quiet!

The girl next to us, however, not being in a star position of advantage, did the next best thing. She turned around:

"Would you mind keeping quiet for at least a few minutes?" acidly. Barrymore appeared surprised, which may explain why he complied for "at least a few minutes."

Another Company Gone

The East is beginning to resemble the biblical desert of yore after the vociferous Children of Israel successfully made their long pilgrimage out of it. Motion picture company after company are pulling up stakes and embarking for the Coast.

Selznick is the latest, and with Selznick goes Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, Gene O'Brien and a batch of directors, et cetera.

Ye Rambler conversed with several minor picture players only the other day, and they were ready to weep tears at the departure of a company hitherto considered a sure standby.

George Arliss to Sail

George Arliss plans to return in June to jolly old London, the scene of his early histrionic struggles, there to play in his latest stage triumph, "The Green Goddess." This play has run in New York for the past year to capacity houses.

Mr. Arliss plans to sail sometime in May, perhaps, making one more picture before that time, one that will be a worthy successor to "Disraeli" and "The Ruling Passion."

It will be a shame to have one of our foremost artists leave us for any length of time, and this is what Mr. Arliss may have to do, if "The Green Goddess" scores a London success on a par with its New York one. Meaning, he may be gone for an entire year. It is up to the folks in London.

Emlee Haddon Engaged

Word reaches us that Emlee Haddon, winsome little dancer and comedienne of numerous Broadway musical comedies and a newcomer to motion pictures, has been engaged by Larry Trimble, that extraordinary director of Strongheart, the German police dog of "Silent Call" fame, as leading lady in his next production. Mr. Trimble, according to this report, thinks highly of Miss Haddon: "One is almost tempted to descend to the commonplace in describing her," he is said to have remarked, "and use the words of a one-time popular song, to say that everything about Miss Haddon causes her to stand out as a feature in any scene with which she is connected."

Coming from Larry Trimble this means a great deal. More power to Miss Haddon in her climb to success.

"Foolish Wives" in New York

Don't be misled by the scarehead. An Egyptian Prince recently arrived in these parts, but no



Pola Negri

foolish wives. "Foolish Wives" refers only to Von Stroheim's million dollar production of that name. And those in the cast now here in New York number: Miss DuPont, whose name in the picture is Margaret Armstrong; Maude George, one of the cousin-heavies of the "no-count" Monte Carlo vagabond, and Mae Busch.

Folks have asked us why Miss DuPont ever adopted this name. Well, we don't know. It seems no one else does, either—at least those up at Universal, whom you would suspect would know, are guilelessly innocent of an answer.

Constance Goes Shopping

Constance Talmadge is buying out the baby departments in New York. "It's expected in May," she thrilled in explanation. "It" may be the successor to Buster Keaton or to Constance or Norma, for "it" will be no other than Natalie Talmadge Keaton's precious baby.

Constance hopes for a girl. So does Norma. "We all do," reiterated Constance, emphatically.

"And you should see what things that baby will have!" She shook her head dolorously.

"Such a foolish thing to do. The baby will outgrow practically everything in no time."

But, in the meantime, she and Norma are having a wonderful time busying themselves with adorable purchases for the newcomer.

From Charlie's Book

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has written a "scenario" of his trip to Europe, and it is published in book form under the title, "My Trip Abroad." In reading through this sweeping narrative, we were especially interested in Charlie's account of his first meeting with Pola Negri upon his arrival in Germany:

"At the Heinrich (the most expensive place in Berlin and the high spot of night life), everybody was in evening dress. We weren't. My appearance did not cause any excitement. (Charlie is not very well-known in Germany). We check our hats and coats and ask for a table. The manager shrugs his shoulders. There is one in the back, a most obscure part of the room. This brings home forcibly the absence of my reputation. It nettled me. Well, I wanted rest. This was it.

"We were about to accept humbly the isolated table, when I hear a shriek and I am slapped on the back and there's a yell:

"Charlie!"

"It is Al Kaufman of the Lasky Corporation and manager of the Famous Players studio in Berlin.

"Come on over to our table. Pola Negri wants to meet you."

Charlie Meets Pola Negri

"... Pola Negri is really beautiful," continues Charlie. "She is Polish and really true to the type. Beautiful jet-black hair, white, even teeth and wonderful coloring. I think it such a pity and wonderful coloring.

"She is the center of attraction here. I am introduced. What a voice she has! Her mouth speaks so prettily the German language. Her voice has a soft, mellow quality, with charming inflections.

Making a Hit

"Language again stumps me," bemoans Charlie. "What pity! But with the aid of a third party we get along famously. Kaufman whispers: 'Charlie, you've made a hit. She just told me that you are charming.'"

"You tell her that she's the loveliest thing I've seen in Europe. These compliments keep up for some time, and then I ask Kaufman how to say, 'I think you are divine' in German. He tells me something in German and I repeat it to her.

"She's startled and looks up and slaps my hand. 'Naughty boy,' she says.

"The table roars. I sense that I have been double-crossed by Kaufman. What have I said? But Pola joins in the joke, and there is no casualty. I learn later that I have said, 'I think you are terrible.' I decided to go home and learn German."



Charlie Chaplin

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES



CORINNE GRIFFITH



Bucking into the Movies



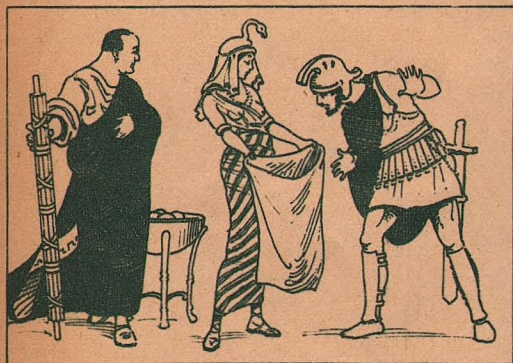
Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 6th imminent received, and was sorry to hear that the Official Board of Movie Censors of Hog Run had been exactly doubled in number of members and capacity for evil by the addition of Ephraim Sowerly to the municipal payroll. Gamaliel Whitley was bad enough as a paid guardian for Hog Run's few remaining morals, but adding Ephraim S. to the cheerful little film wrecking crew is heaping insult on injury, or "Papier maché, Dardanella," as Confucius sadly remarked to the Medes and Persians that fatal evening on the bridge at Waterloo. Because honest, Maw, beside of Ephraim's general intelligence, that of a fish would seem like Buddha.

I am enclosing you under separate covers a late picture of me which I wish you would try to persuade



"The figure in the centre, holding the sack, is me."

the Editor of the "Hog Run Clarion" to run on the Theatrical, Housekeeping and Truck Farming Page sometime in the near future. It is a sort of an allegorical picture supposed to represent "Helen of Troy at the Sack of Carthage," and the figure in the center, holding the sack, is me. Be sure and get it put in the "Clarion" somewhere, even if you have to pay advertising rates to do it, because publicity with our dear public is as necessary to us actresses as a dislike for chewing gum is for an individual with a full set of false teeth.

And speaking of us actresses, Maw, if you ever happen to run into some otherwise intelligent little girl who is possessed of a craving to get into the movies, advise her to enter the ranks of the Russian capitalists, or some other such peaceful like occupation instead. Because this morning I had a job which would of made the career of a temperance lecturer in Havana, Cuba, look like a positive sinecure in comparison. During a time lapse of a little over three hours, I lost all my love for natural history, about one square yard of epidermis, and all desire to be a comedy actress. The result is that my temper and general disposition are in such a state to-night that, if Solomon was right when he made that brilliant remark about like attracting like, then me and a dyspeptic grizzly bear should exercise a very strong case of mutual attraction just at present.

It was all my fault, though. I should have known better in the first place than to destitute my art by appearing in a one-reel comedy, and in the second place, I should have remembered the horrible examples of Cleopatra and other great emotional actresses and shunned animal stuff like a Greenwich Villager does manual labor. But I didn't, and when the Casting Director called me up and told me to report for work in Culver City this morning, I went.

The place of action was the Hal Roach Studio, the principal characters was me and Snub Pollard, and the disturbing element which eventually ruined an otherwise fairly perfect day was a large he-ostrich. The plot of the story was a trifle ancient, to say the least, and concerned Caveman days.

This was that benighted period, Maw, when men didn't wear Kollege Kut Klothes and tweed golf suits like they do now, but went out when they needed a new suit of clothes and proceeded to engage some shaggy-furred animal in mortal combat. Whoever won the argument got to wear the animal's furs from that time on. The consequence was that most of the

male members of the cast was attired something like a cross between a vaudeville strong man and the Hermit of Lone Pine Lake. As for me, my costume consisted of bear-skin and bare skin in about equal proportions.

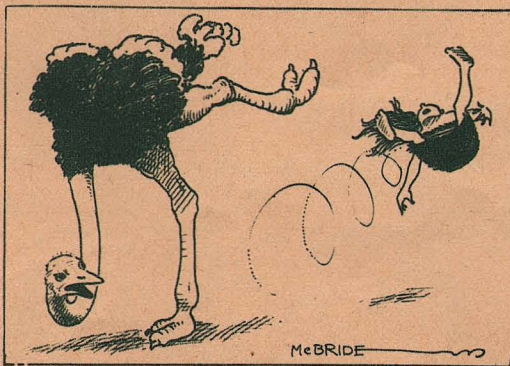
The morning started fairly auspicious with me acting as the feminine element in some love scenes with Snub Pollard. As near as I could gather from the action, the Caveman method of courtship consisted of about equal parts of assault and battery and attempted murder, the chief weapon *d'amour*, as the Portuguese would say, being a large spiked club, and the mode of procedure combining all the finer elements of a prize-fight and an Irish picnic. Honest, Maw, I had my skull caressed with that darned club so many times that I began to feel like I was co-starring with a locoed pile-driver or something! But still it was sorta romantic like, even at worst, so I managed to endure it for a while.

Then I had the ostrich wished on me. It seems that Cave Girls had pets like modern flappers have, only instead of a Pomeranian on a leash, they had a pterodactyl on a logging chain. A pterodactyl, folks, was a prehistoric animal which was half snake and half bird, and looked like a Haiti voodoo worshipper's idea of the Old Nick. But, not having an pterodactyl handy at the time, we had to use an ostrich instead, and it didn't make a bad substitute, it being about half snake, anyway—from the shoulders up. In fact, an ostrich looks like somebody had took a sizable boa constrictor in the first place and mounted it on a pair of stilts, and then had carelessly thrown in an odd-sized body on the assemblage just as a kind of an afterthought.

The catastrophe happened in the very first scene in which I tried to act with the brute. According to the script, I was scheduled to herd the ostrich in front of me just across the scenery in front of the camera. But the feathered reptile refused to herd, and stepping just in front of the camera, which was clicking away by then, proceeded to give an excellent impersonation of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Being in a hurry and trying to save the scene, I grabbed the beast by the first thing handy which, it being two-thirds neck, happened to be in the vicinity of that spot concealed by a collar-button on a human being. Then it happened! That plumed monstrosity did the last thing on earth I would ever of expected a bird to do—and kicked me!

And take it from me, Maw, beside the kick of an adult ostrich, the famous functioning of a Missouri mule's rear section would seem like a mere caress with a feather in comparison. I've always wondered what the feelings experienced by Job Digger's goat were that time when he tried to dispute the right of way with the Dixie Limited, but now I know. And,



"The last thing I ever expected a bird to do—kicked me!"

believe me, henceforth I'm through with one-reel comedies in general and ostriches in particular. Because I ain't no hog for punishment—I know when I've got enough.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I was Luther Burbank, I think I would try to cross an ostrich with a fish or some other non-kicking animal like that.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,

Via HAL WELLS.

MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary



"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

D

Dissolve—A fade directly from one scene into another.

Double exposure—The photographing of two scenes on the same film.

Doubling—The use of a substitute stunt actor for a player who is unwilling to or cannot play a difficult scene.

Drop—Plain background to a scene.

E

Exhibitor—Universally used instead of theatre owner or theatre manager.

Emulsion—Preparation used to coat positive film.

Exchange—Branch selling office of a releasing company.

Exterior—Any scene on location.

F

Fade-out—To cause a scene to vanish by decreasing the amount of light, either by chemicals applied to film or camera device.

Flood lighting—Use of all lights on a set.

Fade-in—To cause a scene to photograph by increasing the amount of light.

Floor—Stage of set, on which scene is being taken.

Full shot—The full scene.

Flash—A few feet of film.

Flash-back—Insertion of a few feet of a previous scene.

Flop—To fail.

G

Grips—A man who moves sets. A stage hand.

Gyp—To deceive.

Gagging—Forcing a laugh by slapstick comedy or humorous titles.

Gag man—One who spends his time developing comedy scenes or comic situations.

H

Hazard man—Stunt actor, used to double for players in especially dangerous roles.

Hokum—Un-original situations, used because of their effectiveness.

I

Interior—Any scene taken in the studio.

Iris—To increase or decrease the size of the picture by opening or closing the shutter of the camera.

Insert—Scene inserted between two others.
(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

MY dear, aren't you tired of the thirstless palms! How glad I'll be when the cherry blossoms are out! And that's just what I was telling Herbert Rawlinson, yesterday, when we were talking about loving California, and all that, but saying that sometimes the weather was rotten, just the same as anywhere else, in spite of the funny little green and yellow and pink and blue Chamber of Commerce folders, saying— But, oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson: It just is too sad about his divorce, isn't it?"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled into a seat in the tea garden, drew her fox fur a little closer around her shoulders to keep off the March wind, and ordered:

"Thin wafers—and weak hot water!"

"What is this sort of order all about?" I asked.

"Dieting," she explained briefly. "But I don't want to talk about such a painful subject," she went on. "Where was I? Oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson. You know they've been married for years and years, he and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold. They got married eight years ago, and she gave up the stage. She had only played in one thing, 'Peg o' My Heart,' with Laurette Taylor—she was the catty girl—but she made a big hit. But she married, and gave up her chance to go to New York because Herbert wanted her to quit the stage. I remember Herbert talking to me awfully seriously about it then.

"I remember how Herb felt when Roberta got that chance to go back to the stage with the Morosco company in 'Upstairs and Down.' She made an awfully big hit in it, and he was very proud of her. But he said to me, one day, 'I'd so much rather she would stay home.' He built her a lovely little home. Then she went away on the stage with 'Upstairs and Down.' And she stayed in New York, and went into Frank Craven's 'First Year,' and other plays. Herb went back to New York, and played in pictures there in inferior productions, just to be near her.

"Can't imagine what the trouble was, except the absence, which is said to make the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow. I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl. Of course he wasn't exactly a hermit—used to step out occasionally with some girl to dance or supper or something like that—but he always adored his wife.

"Well, at any rate, the divorces are all balanced up nicely with marriages in this picture business, that's one thing you can say for it. Now it's John Davidson who is engaged!

"His fiancée? Oh, of course. I always do forget the most important part of my story; just like De Maupassant—I never really finish 'em up. She is Helen Dryden, the artist who makes those fascinating, weird covers for Vogue. They've been engaged for years. It's just like a book. He met her first when he was just going on the stage and had no money to support her. Then he made more money, but she was always just

a bit ahead of him in the artistic world and financially, and he just wouldn't marry her, he's so proud, until he makes a great success. I think he's on the way to it now, as they say Cecil de Mille is going to make a director of him. He played his role so well in 'Fool's Paradise,' that Mr. de Mille drew him aside one day and whispered in his ear that he would make a good director. John jumped a foot—but didn't deny the soft impeachment. And now John is fairly sitting on De Mille's doorstep, waiting for him to get well and come back to the studio to direct 'Manslaughter.'

"Well, you certainly can hear anything in Hollywood! They had it around that Mabel was so ill that she couldn't go on and finish 'Suzanne,' but that a double who looks almost more like Mabel than Mabel looks like herself, was going to do the part, finishing up the picture. But Mabel denies it.

"There have been so many reports that Charlie Chaplin was going to make a serious play, that I asked him point blank the last time I saw him. 'Charlie,' I said, 'are you really going to make a serious play?' 'Not intentionally!' answered Charlie."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused for breath, and sipped another sip of hot water. "If it only had a little

taste of almost anything!" she wailed, but kept bravely on.

"The most exciting little thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocomat Grove! Coleen Moore and John McCormick were there, and who should trip in with a man from the business world but Virginia Fox. Virginia and John used to be engaged, you know, but somehow it was broken off. Maybe Colleen tunnelled under Virginia, I don't know. Anyhow, as luck would have it, the place being crowded, the four were seated together at the same table before they knew it, because Colleen and John were dancing when Virginia and her escort came in. Everybody got red in the face, and nobody knew whether to speak or not. Finally Colleen piped up—I don't think Colleen's wits would desert her if the heavens fell and she met St. Peter—'Why, John,' she said, 'here's Miss Fox and Mr. Blank! Isn't that nice? I'm sure they won't mind keeping the table for us while we go over and visit with Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson a few minutes!' 'Of course not,' said Virginia. And as the music chimed up just then, and the dances are so long, they didn't come back for quite some time, and when they did everybody was prepared to keep the parlor face and be perfectly pleasant.

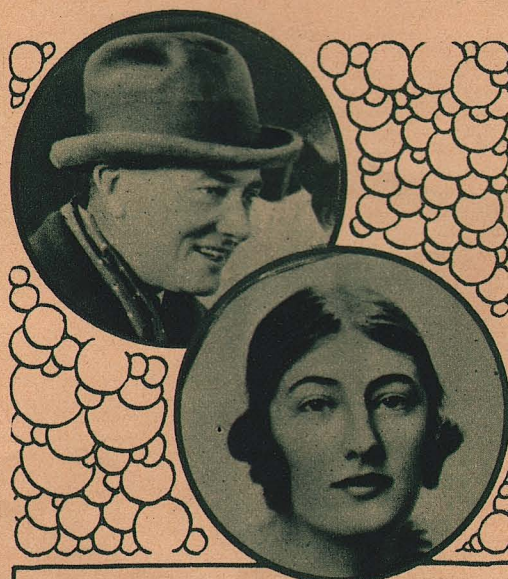
"Isn't that Helen Ferguson the cutest girl! I'd like to follow her around with a phonograph and then write her sayings. Bet I could get rich. The other day, talking about the scarcity of work in Hollywood studios, she exclaimed:

"Tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to take all my cuttings out of the pictures I've played in, stick 'em together, and make a starring vehicle for myself!"

"Oh, did I tell you about the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus.

"Viola was invited to address the students of Utah University—can't you imagine Vi up there trying to make a speech?—and one of the boys, the freshman, stepped up to act as her escort. Viola naturally thought that he had been detailed to be her escort. But it seems not. In fact, he violated a tradition of the college in taking her up the steps of the Park Building, which building is denied the freshmen. The upper classmen got jealous, regarded the boy's self-appointed gallantry as presumptuous, and proceeded to punish him. They seized him, tore his shirt and coat from him, and though the weather was freezing cold, they ducked him into a tub of cold water, then lustily spanked him and took him over to the college infirmary.

"But at that, Vi's freshman had the best of it. For Vi went over that afternoon, cooled his fevered brow with her fair hands, and brought him a big bunch of hot house violets!"



"You know Herb Rawlinson and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold got married eight years ago. It is just sad about his divorce, isn't it? ... I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl."

"Oh, did I tell you the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus at the University of Utah ..."



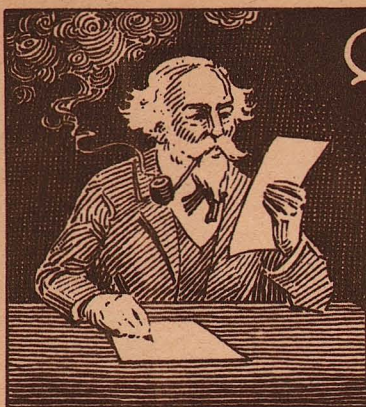
"There have been so many reports that Charlie was going to make a serious play. 'Not intentionally,' Charlie told me when I asked him about it point blank."



"They had it around that Mabel Normand was so ill she couldn't go on and finish Suzanne. Mabel denies it."

"The most exciting thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocomat Grove! Colleen Moore and ..."





Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color her eyes are, or what may be his hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.



"Where can I get back issues of 'Movie Weekly'?" people write me, or sometimes they ask me to send them copies. You know, of course, that when it comes to mailing out magazines, that is a little out of my line. You see I have my hands full just with my little job, and I don't print the magazine or pick out the pictures we use or mail out copies or sweep the floor or—well, anyway, there are lots of things around here that I don't do. Back numbers of the magazine can always be obtained from "Movie Weekly's" Circulation Department.

GEORGIE—You bring back my childhood and the old nursery rhyme about the boy who kissed all the girls and made them cry. Was that you? Agnes is 23, Gloria, 27, May McAvoy, 21 and Wallie, 29. Wanda Hawley and Will Rogers do not give their ages. I have no room here for long casts, but the principal roles in "Through the Back Door," were played by Mary Pickford as Jeanette Reeves, Gertrude Astor as her mother, Wilfred Lucas as her stepfather and Helen Raymond as the nurse-maid.

JACK HOXIE'S FAN—I didn't know Jack Hoxie used a fan. But then I suppose he gets hot in the summer time. No good picture of your favorite has wandered into the office and until it does we can't very well publish his photograph. Richard Tucker played the part of the oldest son in "The Old Nest." I don't know whether he played in "Partners" or not. Who produced that film?

HONEY—My favorite star, Honey, since you ask, is the one just at the end of the dipper. Yes, it is fun to ride horseback, but I'm so busy pretending that I'm the encyclopedia that I don't have time to canter along nice country roads. Shirley Mason's address is 1770 Grand Concourse, New York. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Her next picture will be "The Heart Specialist," and Richard Barthelmess' next will be "Sonny."

MISS MIGNON LA VERE—Your hope came true, Miss La Vere. When the postman dropped your letter, he dropped it right at my door. He's a smart postman; he knows just where to drop things. Mack Sennett's address is 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

MICHAEL CARROP—Hoot Gibson was born in Nebraska in 1892. Is it hard for a man to become a movie star? You said it, Michael—it's almost impossible. There are only about ten million people in the U. S. who have that ambition, so, of course, directors can't take any of them seriously. The nearest studio to Pittsburg is in New York.

JACK DENMARK—I hope, Jack, you didn't look for your reply in the next number of "Movie Weekly." Do you know what happens to a reader who looks for his answer in the next issue? He doesn't find it. No, Bebe has never been married, and as for her engagement—well, you know you mustn't take engagements too seriously these days. We published a double-page picture of Bebe in last week's issue.

LOSSIE—What a flossie name you have. Eddie Polo's daughter who plays on the screen is named Malveen; she is fourteen. Charles Chaplin is engaged to a new girl every week according to the gossips. There have been several rumored engagements since Claire Windsor was supposed to be the lucky lady. Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine; he keeps lots of fond mammas in suspense by refusing to get married. Agnes Ayres is divorced from rank Schusker. She is about 23. Neither Mary nor Norma has any children. Carol Dempster is not married. Come again, Flossie, I welcome work.

K. FLANAGAN—I think you're just trying to make me look ignorant by asking me such hard questions. I can't answer them. I never heard of Margaret Gibson or Seena Oliver. If you mean Seena Owen, her latest picture was "Back Pay." Yes, Ann Pennington was in movies for awhile; she made four or five pictures, the first of which was "Susie Snowflake."

SMILING BROWN EYES—You bet I like my job; if you don't believe it, just watch somebody try to take it away from me! That was a clever suggestion of yours that someone might take the quarter out of the envelope when you were sending it to a movie star. You think a great deal; I can see that. Try stamps or money order for sending your money. William Farnum's address is Fox Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave., New York. He is married to Olive White. Jack Pickford has not married Marilyn Miller, unless they were mean enough to do it after this magazine went to press. Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire, Los Angeles. Betty Compson and May McAvoy both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

ANOTHER CARMEL MEYERS—Are you any relation to your favorite? Yes, Carmel is still in movies; she and Wallace MacDonald were busy most of the past year making a serial, "Breaking Through." She is twenty-one and married to Isadore Kornblum. She lives at 5721 Carlton Way, Hollywood. We published a story about her in "Movie Weekly" in the April 9th issue of last year, and another in the issue for November 26th.

SYLVIA—Yes, indeed, I read "your silly nonsense"—since you call it that. No, I'm sorry I don't know your answer man friend. Is he nice? Sorry, Sylvia, but the only way I can think of to get in the movies now is to win a beauty contest or something. Lots of studios are closed now and some of the regular actors are doing whatever they can so they can eat. So you see what a slight chance a newcomer has of getting in before conditions improve.

HONEST SCRAP—Why did you change your name? I like 'Red' Ed better. No, I don't mind answering questions about players I don't like; it's all in a day's work with me, only I get tired of writing his admirers "all that I know about Rodolph." Yes, Doug played "Officer 666" on the stage. Ruth Renick was born in Galveston, Texas, though she grew up in Arizona. "Snub" Pollard is now reported engaged to Marie Mosquini; yes, he is Margarita Fischer's ex-husband. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were married late in 1921. I never heard of Elaine and Ivan St. Johns or Barbara Beall. Yes, Dore Davidson played in Hope Hampton's new picture, "The Light in the Dark."

ALLISON SPRAGUE—Is there anyone left in the world who doesn't know Rodolph's age and height by now? He is 26, five feet eleven inches tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes. His next picture is "Beyond the Rocks." Lowell Sherman is in his late thirties. His newest picture is "Grand Larceny."

ANOTHER JANE—Too bad! Edmund Lowe is your "favorite favorite," and I know almost nothing about him. He plays on the stage more than in movies. He is not a star. His latest picture is "Living Lies."

SARAH—You surely are not anxious any longer to know Rodolph's address. In case you are, here it is: 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

BABY DIMPLES—For one who is just learning to speak English, you certainly do well with it. The little girl who traveled with Mary and Doug is Lottie Pickford's daughter, Mary Rupp. Bebe Daniels does not give her home address; she can be reached at the Paramount Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SHREVEPORT—I like your nice modest way of asking questions. Theda Bara has not been on the screen for several years, but an announcement was made recently that she is to return to the movies with her own company. Wallie Reid is twenty-nine. The movie girls keep their good complexions by constant care and expert attention.

NESTROLA—You threatened to get writer's cramp, with the questions you had to ask, and then you didn't ask any. Just wrote me a nice letter instead. Do write and tell me what you thought of Hope Hampton when you saw her in person. Bert Lytell's wife, Evelyn Vaughn, does not act on the screen; perhaps that is why we have had no picture of her. She may not care for publicity.

ARMISTA—Is that feminine for Armistice? You must be a peaceful person to have around. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. His hobbies are riding and swimming. For a photograph, write him at the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City. Rodolph's hobbies are riding and dancing, and his address is 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

A. C. M.—Surely, A. C. M., you have seen all that information about Rodolph since you wrote me? As I have almost turned over my page to him for weeks, I can't allow him any more space for his history. If you haven't learned all about him by now, send me your address and I will be glad to write you personally.

A SAINTLY FUN FAN—And yet you are a school girl! I never heard of a saintly school girl. I'm sorry I don't know much about Jack O'Brien, but, as you say, he is not very well-known. I don't know what he has played in since "Love's Penalty." Leonard C. Shumway was born in 1884, Herbert Rawlinson a year later. Of course I want to hear from you again; I like especially to get letters from school girls.

STELLA STETSON—Are you any relation to the well-known hats? Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley. She is a blonde with gray eyes; she does not give her age. Antonio Moreno is thirty-four, Pearl White thirty-two and Ruth Roland twenty-nine. Frank Mayo is married to Dagmar Godowsky; he is thirty-six. Kingsley Benedict must be on the stage rather than the screen; I never heard of him.

PEGGY—Bebe Daniels has black hair and eyes and Gloria also has black hair—though there is some dispute as to that. Gloria is 5 feet 3 and about 27 years old. The leading man for Bebe in "The Speed Girl" was Theodor Von Eltz.

DOROTHY AND ONEDA—Yes, Rodolph has gotten his divorce. Sessue Hayakawa is thirty-three. Raymond McKee and Frances White will be married whenever they get ready—that's all I know about it. Connie has not yet sued for a divorce. Jackie Saunders went on the stage and that is why you have not been seeing her in recent movies. Yes, Lila Lee has black eyes—the real snappy kind.



Film-Flam



Clothes to Nature

YOU didn't hear so much boasting as usual in California this last winter. For the much vaunted sunny climate put one over on the natives, and now they know what it feels like to live in a measly state like New York where the Palm Beach suit is laid away for the winter.

And the worst of it is, according to Harry Myers, the movie makers refused to acknowledge that the weather was cold. And Harry found it rather hard to pretend he was Robinson Crusoe in an Esquimo environment.

During one particularly cold spell, Harry was called out every day at the crack of dawn for exteriors and he had to appear in skins.

"Not my skin," he explained hastily as the feminine interviewer blushed, "but it was almost as cold."

Thus clad, the star was exposed to long shots and short shots—in fact, he was almost shot to pieces. About the time Director Hill would call for a closeup of the beloved DeFoe character, Myers' teeth would be chattering so he'd look like a victim of St. Vitus dance.

Now that the sun is shining and the studio is all warmed up, Crusoe, summoned before the camera for interiors, is swallowed up in heavy fur garments. When he is asked to pose and is supposed to be half frozen, he has to take time off to mop the perspiration from his brow.

If Harry weren't such an amiable person, he'd go find the weather man responsible for all this and beat him up.

They Haven't Punished Him Yet

Bill Farnum is a deep student and lecture hound, so no one was surprised when he announced one evening that he had just attended a lecture.

"It was given by a chap named—McCollum," said Bill scratching his head thoughtfully.

His companions registered interest. "What was his first name?" they inquired.

"Whatcha!" grinned Bill, as he ran for safety.

A Bird of a Present

Charlie Chaplin arrived at Max Linder's dinner party with a beautiful bird as a present. The bird sang and danced and preened himself and the guests were all delighted.

"Maybe he's hungry," remarked Max, starting to feed and water it.

Charlie grinned as the bird refused to eat—it was only a mechanical toy.

Where Was Her Sense Humor?

The woman came out of a theatre where "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" had been showing. Evidently Mark Twain's humorous satire had been completely lost on her.

"The very idea of some of these movies," she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, they showed several knights riding on motorcycles. The very idea!"

His Shaving Grace

Jack Holt and William Walling, out on location for "Val of Paradise," wielded their razors in front of the same segment of broken mirror.

Suddenly a stiff wind swung the mirror from side to side.

"Hey," yelled William Walling in the midst of the operation, grabbing his chin where a gash suddenly appeared, "whose face do you think you're shaving?"

"Flu"—and the Flesh Flew

It's bad enough to have the "flu," as portly Sylvia Ashton can testify, but when the "flu" makes its victim lose weight, and the victim's future depends upon her not losing weight, well—it's all very com-



Wanda acts real bossy toward Bebe. Can this be reel?

plicated, but the gist of this tale of woe is that poor "Mother" Ashton lost 26 pounds.

"If I get sick again," mourns the character actress, "I'm likely to lose my job. Another 26 pounds lost, and I'll be thin!"

A Dashing Deed

Wanda Hawley's revolver has a pearl handle and looks as if it were strictly ornamental. But the burglar whom she discovered in her house when she came home one evening didn't feel that way about it. Wanda dashed up the stairs and the burglar dashed out the window—just in time to save himself a dash to the hospital.

A Thoughtful Mule!

Recently they were using a mule in a Larry Semon comedy that was "owned and operated" by a colored man.

"Doesn't that animal ever kick you?" asked the comedian one morning, as Sam was trying to saddle the beast.

"No, sah, Boss," he replied with a broad grin, "he nevah done kick me, but he mighty frequent kicks where ah's just bin."

Another One on Married Life

"Now, Tom," said Director Alfred E. Green to Thomas Meighan, "these folks are celebrating their celluloid wedding—congratulate them."

The Paramount star registered surprise.

"Celebrating their what?" he asked in amazement.

"The anniversary of their marriage," Director Green explained patiently, "their celluloid wedding."

"Well, sure," said Tom, "I've heard of wooden and golden weddings, but a celluloid one is a new one."

"You see," the director chuckled, "celluloid is to celebrate 75 years of married bliss."

Still Tom couldn't see. "I thought the diamond—60 years—was the highest these anniversaries go—why do they call it celluloid?"

At last Director Green could explain his little joke. "My dear Tom," said he, "you see this is in the movies, the only place where they could live together for 75 years and still be happy."

"Click!" said the camera.

She Hasn't Learned to Ride Horseback Yet

Tom Mix is one of the most original men we know. He even sent out unusual cards for the arrival of his baby daughter, Thomasina—and of course she's a most unusual baby. No one would be more willing to tell you that than Tom himself.

And just to show the way he felt about it, he sent cards to all his friends expressing his sentiments on the subject.

"Helluva Fine Cowgirl Arrived," says the card. "At Home On Rainy Days."

What the Director Says

Did you ever wonder what the director says to a star in her great dramatic moment in a picture? It may be most anything of course, but when Claire Windsor was emoting all over the place in "Grand Larceny," Director Wallace Worsley megaphoned: "Hit her with the ash-can! Give her the Winfield baby."

His remark was not so vicious as it sounds, however, for the "ash-can" is what they call a specially built lamp in the Goldwyn studio, and "Winfield baby" means small Winfield lights.

Claire Windsor fortunately knew what these words meant, for it wouldn't do for her to stop and register surprise. She went right on emoting and weeping glycerine tears.

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS
OF THE MOVIE WORLD

REEL NOOZE

WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR
NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

REEL NOOZE BEAUTYCONTEST

THIS CONTEST IS
THE SAME ONE
THAT COMMENCED
LAST WEEK—in
fact it is a con-
tinuation of it..

A FEW OF THE CON-
TESTANTS WILL FOLLOW

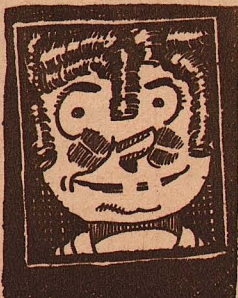
HERE ARE A FEW
OF THE FINALE
HOPPERS WHO
STRIVE TO WIN THE
BEAUTIFUL SET OF
HAND CROCHETED
GOLF CLUBS

ALLEZ HOUP

WALSH.



AMALGA L. ZOOP
AGE—ABOUT 18 (?!!?)
ADD.—16161-11656. N.D.



LENORA H. SLAMM
AGE—(DON'T GET FRESH!)
ADD.—CELL 3—SING-SING



OPHELIA NEKK
AGE—OVER 10 & UNDER 31
ADD.—R.F.D. Box 12 F.O.B. DETROIT

THE WINNER
WILL BE
ANNOUNCED
SUBSEQUENTLY
AND ALSO
SIMULTANEOUSLY
NEXT WEEK
ALSO BIG
EDUCATIONAL
REEL
SLONG!

Hints to Scenario Writers

by
Frederick Palmer



SCENARIO NOTE: Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.



"SITUATIONS OF CONVENIENCE"

ONE plot "recipe" is, "Get your characters into difficulties, and then get them out." It is comparatively easy to devise a situation which contains the elements of danger or unhappiness for your characters, but to get them out in a plausible and logical manner is what differentiates the craftsmanship of the professional from that of the amateur writer. It is the "mechanics" of a story which makes it your own. For example, how many love stories have this plot? John and Mary love each other; something separates them; they overcome this, or the difficulty is removed; John and Mary are again united. Given this much data, twenty people would turn out twenty different stories. The most novel means of getting over the difficulty would, of course, make the most interesting story.

The inexperienced writer who has failed to study the peculiar technique of the screen story is prone to think of the very obvious, the situations most used in overcoming the difficulty, or else he goes to the other extreme and uses something which, while possible, is not probable. I have heard the following recounted as being actually true: A young man had quarreled with his father and left his home. The father died and willed the young man his estate. One morning, vexed at his alarm clock, the young fellow hurled it through his window. It landed on the head of a man walking in the street below. This man proved to be his father's lawyer, who was looking for him in order that the estate might be turned over to him. Imagine using this in a photoplay! The audience would protest against the situation as being too palpably "arranged." It would be too much a "situation of convenience."

Tragedians of the old school satisfied the blood-thirsty inclinations of the audience by killing off most of the persons in the play. They also solved their dramatic difficulties in this manner, for having maneuvered the characters into a tight place, they got them out by removing them from this world.

This is a poor practice to follow, although it is still done. I but recently read a story by a well-known novelist who had worked up a suspenseful story by having the hero tightly engaged to one girl and madly in love with another. At the proper time, the unloved one was removed through "heart failure," although the readers up until that time had not been advised that the lady's heart was weak.

The main reason for avoiding such a means of getting your characters out of the troubles which beset them is that it leaves the audience dissatisfied. They go away feeling cheated. They say, "It wouldn't have happened that way in real life; it's only a story." If you wish to write worthwhile photoplays, do not have situations which strike your audience as "made." Solve your problems in a logical manner, one that is plausible and probable; and if your audience has been really gripped by the struggle in your story, they will feel satisfied when your ending or denouement is logical and therefore convincing.

THEME

It is often puzzling to students of photoplay technique to know just what is meant by "theme." "Theme" may be defined as the abstract idea of which the story is a concrete presentation or example. "Humoresque," for instance, had the theme "mother-love." The story itself was an example of mother-love. The theme, or basic idea, of "The Miracle Man" was "faith." Another

play based on this was "The Faith Healer." Both plays had the same theme, and yet were distinctly different in development. Both were examples of stories based on the idea of faith.

A writer has in mind a basic principle such as mother-love, father-love, sacrifice, jealousy, miserliness, and so on. From such an abstraction comes perhaps a character or a situation which he develops into a plot. The plot becomes the concrete statement of this abstraction.

The theme is the underlying thought throughout a play. It is the cord upon which the situations of your plot are strung.

The great benefit derived from basing a story upon a theme is that it aids in developing unity in the story; it creates one impression, thereby making a more definite and more lasting appeal to the audience.

"COLOR" IN YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Writers of dramatic technique employ the terms "color" and "local color." While these two are similar in meaning, there is, nevertheless, a distinction between the two.

"Color," in a photoplay, is sometimes called "atmosphere." It means the vividness with which the characters and environment of a story are brought out by means of touches of really human portrayal. It means writing into your script the small bits of action which, taken as a whole, give to the audience a real human being, instead of the stereotyped hero, heroine, or villain.

The term "local color" applies to the development in your story of the "atmosphere" of some particular locale. While this is done by a faithful portrayal of the people in that section, much emphasis is usually laid on the settings or background against which the action takes place. A very fine example of "local color," in which both the people and the country are faithfully portrayed, is to be found in "Hail the Woman," the story being laid in northern New England. This play also is a good example of "color," since the action of the story developed really human characters.

One fault of inexperienced writers is that they are prone to be carried away with the picturesqueness of some locale, and use much valuable space in describing it. While this is all right in a novel or short story, in a photoplay, if the studio reader has to spend too much time reading about Panama hats, Palm Beach suits, and palm trees, he loses track of the story. It is well to suggest the locale by a few well chosen phrases and leave the rest to the studio art director who will build the scenes. In other words, the photoplaywright should devote his energies toward developing "color," instead of "local color," in his stories.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I hear that producers pay enormous prices to well-known authors for stories. If it was possible for me to write a story just as good as one by a famous author and if it was received at the same time, and if the subjects were similar, would the producer prefer to pay the famous one his big price or would he economize by buying my story?—D. F.

(A.) It is more than probable that the producer would decide to pay the famous author his price. A nationally, or better, internationally known name has great advertising value. Then, there is another point: an author who has attained a big reputation has years of work back of him that unconsciously produces results in novel treatment and skill in story craftsmanship that a new writer will rarely have. The stories on the surface will seem practically of the same merit, but analysis will reveal the differences in favor of the seasoned writer.

(Q.) Why don't the studios put out better comedies? Is it true that they are nearly all made up in the studios? If so, why don't they get some from the outside and get something really worth laughing at?—G. W.

(A.) (1) There are various reasons—shortage of good comedy material, sometimes poor direction, and often poor comedians. (2) Yes; the greater part of the comedies put out by the companies that specialize in comedy are written in the studios to suit the personalities and abilities of the comedians under contract. (3) Comedy material is the most difficult to obtain. There are very few people who can write real, irresistibly humorous comedy, although the majority of amateur writers seem to think themselves humorists. The standard situations and gags have been worn threadbare from hard use. It is only the trained writer who can give them new and funny twists, and he finds it by no means an easy task.

(Q.) Is it better to have the end of your story come as a surprise or to have it foreseen?—L. N.

(A.) That depends upon the type of story. If it is a mystery or detective story, it is best to keep the end problematical. In other stories, the end may be foreseen, but not the manner in which it is to be brought about. You must not reveal too much; suspense must be maintained. Knowing what the end will be does not rob a story of its interest if we do not know the steps to that end. Even when viewing a mystery play, if we are "in the know" we watch absorbedly to see the characters ferreting out the plot, and sometimes are more interested and apprehensive as we see them making what we know to be false moves.

(Q.) Should a photoplay be written just to entertain and nothing more?—S. I.

(A.) Primarily that is its object. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a lesson or drives home a truth of life or morals; so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

(Q.) What type of story stands the best chance of acceptance?—B. H.

(A.) Styles and standards change; but it is safe to say that at any time the story that will get consideration is the one with the strong human plot, deep heart interest, with loyalty, honor, courage and justice featured, and a romantic love theme running throughout the story.

(Q.) My story has been rejected because its "dramatic objective" is weak. What does that mean?—L. W.

(A.) The dramatic objective is the purpose of the story, the goal to be attained, and over which conflict is waged. You probably had a trivial object for your leading character to work for. It must be of such a nature as to arouse the desires and passions of your antagonistic characters.

(Q.) Is the writer expected to estimate the number of reels the scenario will take?—L. J.

(A.) It is best for the writer to learn to judge how many reels his story will cover. With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to see whether one has sufficient action for a full five reel photoplay, by analyzing the "spots" of the story and counting the situations. Fifty make about a five reel picture.

(Q.) I fear that I am too old to become a successful photoplaywright. I am over forty-five. Have I any chance?—A. C.

(A.) Do not worry about your age. Your life has given you a background and much experience which is valuable when writing screen stories. A number of writers never succeeded until they were past middle-age and their best work has often been done at that time of life.

(Q.) Why is it that all my friends tell me they would love to see my story on the screen and all producers have consistently rejected it? It is different and does not follow the beaten path.—E. N. S.

(A.) Producers are guided in the selection of their stories by reports from exhibitors as to the type of production that brings in the biggest returns and the most favorable comments. Friends, who do not know the problems of producers, the limitations of the camera or censorship requirements, are apt to think a story is wonderful whereas it would be a big failure if produced. Furthermore, there are styles in pictures. A story might be rejected now and accepted in a few years when conditions have changed in the industry.

(Q.) By characterization do you mean the description of a character's thoughts or his physical appearance?—H. W. L.

(A.) Both. When you create a character, you must describe him as you see him; you must try to make the reader of your story visualize him as you do, mentally, morally and physically.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

DETECTIVE MORRISEY!" gasped Jack as he fell into a chair beside the phone. "Detective Morrissey," he repeated, "want to see me. Hum," he grunted, "I wonder what's up?"

Jimmy sat in another chair, speechless, like a person in a trance; finally he got up and began to pace the floor.

It was perfectly obvious that Blackey was very much concerned as he sat in the chair with his eyes closed and his hands behind his head. The unexpected entrance of Morrissey on the scene jarred both of them from the tops of their heads to the bottom of their feet and the more they racked their minds for a possible solution of the matter, the more impossible it became; they were in the dark, baffled, stunned.

"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" said Blackey, "do you think he has caught on to anything?"

"Wat do I think of it?" replied Jimmy in a rather unsteady tone. "Wat do I think of it?" he repeated. "I think we had better beat it out of town right now, quick."

"Beat it out of town?" snapped Jack.

"Dat's wat I said."

"That would be the worst thing we could do and it would confirm his suspicions if he has any."

"Well, you don't mean to tell me dat you're going to meet him, do y'?"

"Of course, why not?" declared Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy, moving over to Blackey and looking him in the eye, "are you going bugs altogether? On de level, are you going down to meet this wise dick?"

"Right now," snapped Jack as he jumped out of the chair and went to the wardrobe for his tuxedo. He hummed an aria from Madame Butterfly as he dressed.

Jimmy was a study in deep thought as he moved over to the corner of the room and threw himself on the peach colored plush divan. He was trying to think, but he couldn't get his mind off Morrissey sufficiently long enough to organize his thoughts. Blackey had regained his composure and as he slipped into his vest he started to whistle the Toreador song from Carmen. This irritated Jimmy.

"How can y' whistle and sing with de boob staring y' in de kisser? I guess if y' was on yer way to de chair y' would be telling funny stories."

"I'm a long ways from the boob and the chair, Jimmy; forget about those things. You've got the imagination of a Dante."

"Dante!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What's a Dante?"

"Not 'what,' but who. Dante was the great Italian poet who wrote Purgatorio, Paradiso and Inferno. The story of Purgatory, Heaven and Hell."

"It's hell for us from now on, I'm thinking."

"Now, now, now," said Blackey cheerfully. "Cheer up. We're not licked yet. This fellow Morrissey may not have a thing on us."

Jimmy grabbed his coat and hat and started for the door.

"Where y' going?" shouted Blackey.

"Take a walk," replied Jimmy, "see y' later."

Outside he hailed a passing taxi. "To the Knickerbocker," he ordered the driver. As the cab rumbled down Broadway, ablaze with a myriad of electrical illuminations that threw a kaleidoscopic glitter across the street and up into the sky, he sat back in the corner and thought. He remembered gratefully how Blackey had rescued him but a few weeks ago from the big cop in the park, and he was determined to liquidate that debt tonight if he got the opportunity to do so. He adored Blackey and revered him as one would revere a saint, and away back in the depths of his slum-dwarfed soul the fires of gratitude and loyalty were smoldering.

"Blackey saved me once," he murmured to himself, "and I'm going to save him tonight. I'll croak dat copper Morrissey if he tries to nail him. If I don't I've got a streak o' yellow in me a yard wide."

The old saying: "There is honor among

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, Jimmy, so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars. They succeed in getting into the bank and tie and gag the watchman. Blackey then prepares to blow the safe open while Jimmy makes the rounds of the bank and punches the alarm clocks. The phone rings and Blackey answers it. It is Mr. Barker, the President of the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars and that if he will come to headquarters in the morning he may see them. They have secured the money and are preparing to go when they hear voices outside the door.

They hide just as two policemen step into the bank. Blackey covers them, and Jimmy ties them up and places them with the watchman.

They make their getaway, and driving the car into the woods, Blackey blows it up. When they have hidden the money, they go to New York, and arriving at their apartment, go to sleep.

In the evening papers they read that Mike Morrissey, the celebrated detective, has taken the case. While they are discussing this, Blackey's friend, George Biddle calls up and says that Morrissey, the detective, a friend of his, would like to meet Blackey.

thieves," is almost as old as the world itself. There is truth in it, for there is honor among certain types of thieves, always has been and always will be. There is just as much of the Damon and Pythias to be found in the underworld, among the prowlers in the dark, as you will find among their more fortunate brothers who tread the beaten trail of respectability, perhaps more. Jimmy was of this type. He had never known anything save the club of the cop and the fists and the "billys" of the detectives when they sent him through the third degree. He hated them with all the fervor of his being. "Rattlesnakes" and "skunks" were the terms that he applied to them and the thought of his idol, "Blackey," being "nailed" by Morrissey filled him with rage and desperation. There was murder in his heart when he got out of the taxi at the Knickerbocker.

He took a seat in the corner of the dining room, at a table behind a cluster of palms, where he could observe all that entered without being seen. In a few moments he saw Morrissey enter with two other gentlemen.

Blackey followed a few minutes after, stood at the door for a moment, took in the diners at a glance, spied his two friends, Biddle and Haberly, then made his way to the table.

"Hello, old boy," Biddle greeted him, then turning to Morrissey, "shake hands with Mr. Kennard, Mr. Morrissey."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Morrissey," said Blackey.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Kennard."

Henry and Blackey greeted each other and then all hands sat down. Morrissey's eyes, deep set, small and penetrating, never left Blackey for a moment and Blackey, incidentally, was conscious of the observation. It irritated him a little, but he gave no outward indication of his perturbation. He was relieved beyond any possibility of



expression in words when the orchestra drifted into the divine and soul-stirring melody of Brahms's C Minor Symphony. He felt an uplift, a feeling of ease and was strangely fascinated by its superb sonority. It gladdened him, brought tears to his eyes, made him sad, as though with the rendering of each note of the melody of gold, a human heart was broken! Music always stirred him to the depths of his soul.

He noticed that Morrissey, too, was overwhelmed, and that just as soon as the music began he ceased to scrutinize him. He hummed the melody and moved his head to and fro in rhythm with the orchestra. He applauded vociferously when the orchestra finished.

"Wonderful," he remarked as he directed his attention to Blackey.

"Gorgeous," replied Blackey. "I see you like good music."

"I love it," said Morrissey with a ring of sincerity in his voice. "It stimulates me intellectually, emotionally and every other way. I have solved some of my greatest cases under its absorbing influence."

"Really?" asked Blackey curiously.

"Yes," he continued, "when I get up against a knotty problem it helps me tremendously, especially Wagner and Brahms."

"Come, come," laughed Biddle. "Let's get down to business. Forget about Wagner, Brahms and all the rest of the masters of music. I'm more concerned about bank burglars at this moment."

"And I," said Blackey, "am more concerned about how Mr. Morrissey ever came to know that such a person as poor me lived. Are you on my trail, Mr. Morrissey?" he laughingly inquired.

"I'm responsible for his knowing you," interrupted Biddle, "and if you will forget about music for a moment I will tell you the story."

"Proceed, George," exclaimed Blackey, "I'm all attention."

"Since you, Henry and myself had dinner a month or more ago, I have had new honors conferred upon me."

"Ha, ha," said Henry with a smile.

"Honors that mean nothing in my young life," continued Biddle.

"What are the honors?" quizzed Blackey.

"Chairman of the Protective Department of the American Bankers Association. In other words, I'm the fellow who sees that the crooks who plunder our banks are persistently hunted and properly prosecuted."

"Good for you!" said Henry and Blackey simultaneously.

"But if my memory serves me correctly," remarked Henry, "the last time we dined together you told us that bank burglaries were to be a thing of the past, since the safe makers of the country had succeeded in making an absolutely burglar-proof safe."

"That's what I thought," answered Biddle.

"That's what you thought?" inquired Henry. "Ha, ha," he laughed, and continued, "and were you wrong?"

"From what Mr. Morrissey has told me today, I presume that I was very much wrong."

"It's a mystery," grunted Morrissey, "I can't make it out."

This expression filled Blackey with unlimited confidence and yet he was still a trifle concerned about how Morrissey came to know him.

"What's the mystery, Mr. Morrissey?" he asked him. And then, turning to Biddle, "Where do I fit in this mystery?"

"Maybe they think you robbed the bank," roared Henry.

This remark brought a laugh from everybody, particularly from Blackey.

"Mr. Morrissey," said Biddle, "has just come in from Philadelphia where he investigated the robbery last night of the Arlington National Bank, one of the biggest and cleverest burglaries in the history of American crime. He is satisfied that a new explosive has been discovered and he intimated that he wanted to talk with some first class chemist."

"I'm at your service, Mr. Morrissey. What can I do for you," said Blackey, "and why do you think a new explosive has been discovered? I haven't heard of such a discovery in the realm of chemistry."

"I have made a specialty of bank burglars," declared Morrissey. "I have known all of them from the days of Langdon W. Moore to the famous Jimmy Hope. I know their methods. I know that this new safe, the Harlan Automatic Time Locker, cannot be drilled. I know that bank burglars haven't used any explosive other than powder for the past twenty-five years, and I also know that this new safe cannot be blown open with powder."

"You're surely up against a problem," Blackey replied. "Yes, a tough one, but I shall work it out. I've had more difficult ones than this case."

"Really," said Biddle, "this is a tremendously important matter to the American Bankers Association. We must get this new master mind of the underworld before he goes any further. I'm going to advise offering a \$50,000 reward at our meeting tomorrow. We must get him before we have an epidemic of bank burglaries."

"And that's what you're going to have," interrupted Morrissey, "if we don't get this fellow quick."

"Personally," said Henry, "I have a certain amount of admiration for this fellow, this master crackman, as you call him. He must be a fellow of some merit even though he is a crackman. He must be a man of ideas and imagination if he can defeat the safe-making brains of the country with his liquid explosive and I'm thinking what a constructive force he would be in society if his energies were directed along other lines. I should love to meet him. More power to him."

It was perfectly obvious that this displeased Morrissey and Biddle, but Henry paid no attention to them and continued with his declaration:

"And if we don't get away from the preposterous idea that prisons will reform criminals we're going to be confronted with more serious things than bank robbing epidemics. If we don't get away from the creed of selfishness, personal greed and the survival of the fittest, and devote more serious thought to the matter of how criminals come to be and why our big cities all over the country are filled with unfortunate women, we will be looking into the staring, white, stony eyeballs of race decadence which will ultimately spell social dissolution, and that is tremendously more tragic than a million epidemics of bank burglaries."

"Moralizing again," laughed Biddle.

"Has it ever occurred to you why men plunder your banks? Have you ever asked yourself, where do these men come from and where do these unfortunate women come from and wherein they differ from you and your wives? Why all this outlawry, banditry and murder and social maladjustment of every sort? Have you ever thought of these things and then sought an answer?"

"Booze and drugs create most of our criminals," replied the detective.

"Not at all, not at all," continued Henry more passionately than ever.

Neither booze nor drugs in themselves were ever the sole, fundamental causes of any man committing a crime, or any girl drifting into a life of shame. They have been merely incidents in their downfall, not causes. If a man commits a crime while under the influence of a drug you immediately attribute the commission of the crime to the drug. That's the intolerable sophistry of society!"

"Henry, Henry," said Biddle rather indignantly, "surely you don't mean what you say. Your idealism has got the better of you."

"I mean every damn word of it!" snapped Henry. "The truth hurts you fellows who are always thinking in a groove, you fellows who have everything in life that you want and who don't care a rap about those in the depths."

"Henry's correct," said Blackey. "There isn't any such thing in this country as equality of opportunity, the golden rule and the brotherhood of man. It's a case of dog eat dog, the survival of the fittest, while the weak perish. If education and physical culture were compulsory up to a certain age, say twenty-one, there would be less crime and a higher type of man and woman."

"Prisons are a necessity," said Morrissey, "Criminals never reform."

"Of course they don't reform," replied Henry, "because we don't encourage reformation, because we view their protestations of reformation with suspicion. We hound them from pillar to post, dog them from city to city. These social parasites must be protected, therefore they advocate prisons, detectives and electric chairs. Get more schools, more gymnasiums, make mental and physical training a compulsory thing and you can convert all your prisons into hospitals."

Henry's denunciation thrilled Blackey and it gave him renewed energy and confidence. "I'm not doing wrong when I plunder their banks," he thought to himself, "no—I'm not doing wrong, I'm right."

Back and forth they debated the subject until nearly midnight, and when Biddle had paid the check and they all prepared to leave, Morrissey turned to Blackey and said:

"Can you come to my room tomorrow evening about seven. I should like to have a chat with you alone."

"Yes, indeed, I will," replied Blackey.

JIMMY was stretched out on the divan when Blackey returned to the apartment.

"Ha, Jimmy, old boy," he shouted, "how goes it? And where did you spend the evening?"

"At de Knickerbocker."

"At the Knickerbocker!" exclaimed Blackey.

"Yep."

Blackey's face lighted up with a smile of understanding. He moved over to Jimmy, placed his hand on his shoulder, patted him affectionately, and said: "So you followed me to the Knickerbocker?"

"No," replied Jimmy, "I didn't follow y'. I was dere when y' got dere, all set for a gun play if dat mug Morrissey tried to nail y'."

"Ready to go the limit for me, were you?"

"Y' went it for me in de park dat night, didn't y'?" "You're a game little fellow," said Blackey with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "and I'll never forget that little thing you did tonight."

"What did he say? Is he on to anything?"

"Not a thing," said Blackey.

"How did he get wise to your name?"

"From my friend, Biddle, who is chairman of the American Bankers Association Protective Department."

Blackey had never told Jimmy anything about his life's activities, but he now felt that Jimmy was perfectly trustworthy and loyal, so he rehearsed in detail what he had been and how he had come to be a bank robber.

Throughout the recital Jimmy sat spellbound, his eyes glittered with admiration, and when Blackey had finished, he said: "I thought y' were a high class guy. I always knew dat dere was something funny about y', but I couldn't dope out what it was. Count me in fifty-fifty on dat hospital fund for your friend, the Professor."

"You feel that you want to help out on that, do you?"

"Hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy.

"That's fine," said Blackey, "and don't ever breathe a word to anybody about what I have just told you."

"Dey could put me in the chair," declared Jimmy, "and I'd croak before I'd squawk on y', Blackey. You can gamble your life that dere's no yellow in me."

"I know that Jimmy," said Blackey, "I was only cautioning you."

"I go y'."

Blackey pulled out his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he said. "If we hustle we can make the twelve-fifteen train for Trenton, get the money that we planted and be back in New York before three. Get those guns out of the wardrobe, fill and oil them, while I slip out of this tuxedo and dress."

They arrived at the station just in time to catch the train.

"Say," remarked Jimmy, "we are coming back on a passenger, ain't we?"

"Of course," replied Blackey, "why not?"

"I'm glad of that."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" Blackey inquired. "What do you mean by saying you're glad of that?"

"Dere's a bunch of nigger bandits running up and down this road sticking up poor hoboes and throwing them off de trains and I didn't want to run into dem with all that dough on us."

"Nigger bandits?" repeated Blackey.

"Three of 'em," continued Jimmy. "Boston Shine, Memphis Yellow and Scarface Joe. They prowl the train while it's running, with a rope ladder, which they fasten on the running board to climb in and out of the box cars."

"We're not going to ride any freight trains, Jimmy, so we won't meet them."

Upon their arrival in Trenton they walked out to the woods where the money was planted. As they passed the watering tank, around which were a number of "weary willies," Jimmy pointed out the Boston Shine and his two pals to Blackey.

They had some trouble locating the plant, and before they got back to the station, the last passenger to New York breezed by them like a streak of greased lightning. While they stood in the middle of the track bemoaning their misfortune and debating the advisability of going to a Trenton Hotel for the night, a New York bound freight pulled into the yards.

"Let's ride this to Jersey City," said Blackey, "then De can get the ferry or the Hudson Tube to New York. What do you say?"

"And take a chance of being stuck up by the Boston Shine?"

"Oh, to hell with the Boston Shine," snapped Blackey, "come on!"

They got aboard the freight and were on their way to Jersey City within a few minutes. As the "rattler" rambled through Jersey City at a forty-mile-an-hour gait, enveloped in a whirlpool of dust as it "rat-tated, rat-tated" over the crossings, they heard a groan. They looked out the door, but saw nothing. Suddenly the fireman started to feed coal to the speed demon of the rails, and as he opened up the fire box, it illuminated the sky so that when Blackey looked out of the car up towards the engine, he saw three or four men jump from the train one after the other. And as they passed him he heard groans. He continued to look. He then saw three forms climb up the rope ladder to the top of the train. Within a few seconds he saw them come down the ladder and enter another box car. Again he saw three or four forms jump from the train and as the train rambled by them, he heard more groans. When the train pulled into a cut, he saw another form leap in the dark, and bound back under the train. Within a few seconds they heard the wheels pass over the body, grinding it up.

"Christ!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"We'll be next!" snapped Blackey.

They backed up in the corner of the car and awaited developments, knowing that it was only a matter of a few seconds before the Boston Shine and his murdering pals would be after them.

"Get ready, Jimmy," warned Blackey.

He had hardly uttered the words when the rope ladder came swinging into the car, and the Boston Shine, hat pulled over his eyes, and, gun in hand, came clambering down the ladder. His two pals followed him immediately. They closed both doors, lighted a candle and then shouted, "Hands up, by God, and get 'em up quick as hell!"

Blackey and Jimmy blazed away at them with their forty-fours and in the gunning match the candle was blown out. They continued to fire at each other as the train pounded the rails and surged from side to side. Suddenly the door was pushed open and two of the coons jumped in the dark as the train dangled along. Jimmy had fallen to the floor with a bullet in his

shoulder. Blackey moved over to the door where the Boston Shine lay a corpse, with eyes wide open and his gun clenched tightly in his hand.

"It was his life or ours," said Blackey, as he stood looking at the dead bandit, stretched out stiff on the floor.

Jimmy's wound was a minor one, the bullet having just grazed his shoulder. He was more upset than hurt. Blackey tore up the tail of his shirt and bandaged the shoulder.

It was close to three-thirty when they pulled into Jersey City and wended their way to the Hudson Tubes for a train to New York. They alighted at Eighth Street and went direct to Blackey's laboratory.

"I think we had better destroy these bonds," said Blackey. "Morrissey may get a line on us if we try to dick them."

"Sure," replied Jimmy, as Blackey tossed them into a huge crucible and applied a match.

"We have \$235,000," said Blackey when he had finished counting the money. "\$235,000," he repeated, "\$175,000 of which goes for the hospital. Are you satisfied with \$30,000 for your share, Jimmy?"

"Bet your life," snapped Jimmy, "tickled to death."

"Y' can give the professor more if y' want to."

"All right, that's fine," declared Blackey as he opened up his safe and put the money into it.

"Say, say," said Jimmy, rather alarmed, "you're not going to leave all dat coin in dat phoney little pete, are y'? Why dat thing can be opened with a can opener!"

Blackey smiled and replied, "That little safe is a damn sight more burglar-proof than that big automatic time locker that we blasted open in the Arlington National Bank. Put your hand on the combination."

Jimmy grabbed the "com" and as he did so he let out a yell and went stumbling across the room. He scrambled to his feet, shouting: "What that hell ya got in that pete, anyway?"

Blackey roared with laughter. "Well," he said, "do you still think my little pete can be opened with a can opener?"

"The dough is safe in dere," answered Jimmy, "dead safe."

After this demonstration they closed up the laboratory, got a taxi and proceeded to the apartment.

"I have an engagement with Morrissey at seven in his rooms at the Knickerbocker," remarked Blackey as he undressed and prepared for bed.

"What's he want to see y' for now?"

"I don't know," replied Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy rather seriously, "are y' sure he isn't on to anything? Are y' sure, dead sure?"

"I hardly think so," answered Blackey deliberately.

"I hardly think so," he repeated, "and yet there is a bare possibility that he may have something up his sleeve. It is possible, of course. However, it's his brains against mine and may the cleverest man win."

"Be careful, be careful," exclaimed Jimmy.

"I will," said Blackey as he turned over and closed his eyes.

It was noon when Blackey awoke. The golden beams of the warm, mid-day sun were streaming through the curtains of the room. In the smooth, soft green of the park below, some children were romping, while a hurdy gurdy jangled forth the strains of the "Sidewalks of New York." A bird twittered in a tree just outside the window, as though it were trying to harmonize with the music and the voices of the children as they sang the chorus: "East side, West side, all around the town, etc." Blackey stood by the window, looked and smiled and drank in the rich, winery air as though it contained some healthful anodyne. Never had life seemed more beautiful to him!

He closed the window and picked up the morning papers on the front page of which he read:

"Detective Morrissey says he has a clue to the Arlington Bank burglars. He would not divulge the nature of the clue or the source of his information, but it is known that the Arlington Bank officials had him on the phone at midnight. He predicts an early capture of the burglars."

"Huh," he grunted, "perhaps he has an ace up his sleeve."

"Talking to yourself," laughed Jimmy from the bed.

"Read this," replied Blackey as he got up, and handed him the paper.

"Holy —!" exclaimed Jimmy "What y' think of it?"

"I don't know what to think or what to do."

"I tell y', Blackey, dat guy is a wizard and I think we better beat it while the going is good."

Blackey sat and soliloquized. In his imagination he went over every detail of the job from the time that he arrived in Philadelphia until he left the bank. He recalled what Barker, the bank president, and Morrissey had said about the gold tooth and the lip in the voice, the artifices that he had resorted to for the purpose of concealing his identity. He was quite sure that he had covered up his tracks. He ridiculed the possibility of any definite clue and yet he realized that it was not absolutely improbable.

"Possible," he said to himself, "but damn improbable."

He and Jimmy dressed and went out to get breakfast, after which they arranged to deliver the money to Haberly at the Post Graduate Hospital by a special messenger.

They returned to the apartment about six, whereupon Blackey immediately prepared to keep his appointment with Morrissey at the Knickerbocker. Jimmy was decidedly nervous, but Blackey was as calm and as self-contained as could be.

"Don't nothin' ever worry y'," he asked Blackey.

"No," laughed Blackey, "nothing."

"Watch your step tonight, old pal," he remarked to Blackey as he left the apartment for the Knickerbocker. "I'm all set, Jimmy," replied Blackey, smiling as he closed the door.

When Blackey arrived in front of Morrissey's room on the eighth floor he heard him talking on the phone. He grabbed the door knob, then hesitated and listened:

"Looks good," he heard him say, "I think I'm on the right trail."

He opened the door. There in the room sat Barker, the president of the Arlington National Bank, the man to whom he talked as "Captain Worthington" when he planned the robbery.

(Continued next week)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

INTO the moment of tense silence the woman's voice broke, cool and sane, bringing immeasurable relief to nerves that were perilously near the breaking point.

"Of course we can keep her," she said. "Why not? There's the top room vacant—for tonight, at least. It's not the young lady's fault the mistake was made. The least we can do is to make things comfortable for her."

"But tomorrow," demurred the man. "Suppose they bring the right one tomorrow—or suppose they don't? What's to be done with this one?"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," advised the woman. "It's not our mistake, and we don't have to patch it up. Talk to The Chief tonight. He'll tell you what to do next. In the meantime," she turned to Doris with the friendliest, most reassuring of smiles, "Miss Dalrymple must be both tired and hungry. Suppose we eat."

"But I think I have a right to know something about this extraordinary proceeding," Doris said boldly.

Again the couple exchanged questioning glances and again it was the woman who spoke.

"We were asked to take a young lady to board for a short time. Miles, my husband, was to meet them with the boat and bring her over. There were reasons why it wasn't best for her to know where she was going. Well, they brought you, and that's all we know about it. Evidently a mistake was made."

"Then why not take me to shore, right now?" Doris demanded. "I have a picture to work on tomorrow, you know."

"Tomorrow's a whole night away," the man said brusquely. "Better eat your supper and make yourself easy, as the Missus says."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die?" Doris tried to laugh it off, lightly, but there was that in the man's grim look which chilled her blood again. The woman, however, gave her pleasant, throaty laugh and laid a gentle hand on the girl's arm.

"Come on inside," she urged. "You must be tired. The kettle's boiling and everything's on. A bit of food and some hot tea will do you a world of good."

In spite of her nervousness and anxiety, Doris gave a little cry of pleasure as they stepped from the balcony into the circular room whose western window overlooked a sea that was all aglow now with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was spotlessly clean, the white woodwork shining, the blue painted furniture cushioned in gay chintz. A round table was laid beside the open window. There was a fine white cloth, blue and white china, a quaint brass kettle boiling over an alcohol flame. Hot rolls, a cool sa'ad and a thick and tender mutton chop, were followed by fresh berries in a smother of cream, and delicious tea. Doris, being young and healthy, responded to the stimulus of attractive surroundings and perfect food. It was with her second cup of tea that she broke her silence to ask abruptly:

"You're English, aren't you? Only the English can brew such tea or cook such mutton chops."

The woman flushed a little and glanced quickly through the open door. Assured that the man was not within hearing, she answered:

"I came from England only a year ago. And I came straight to this island. I've never been on mainland since. You see, when he goes, I have to stay. We can't leave the place alone."

"You must get fearfully lonely, even in all this beauty! But of course many people land here, in the fine weather."

"No landing. The government put a ban on visitors in wartime and it isn't lifted yet. Every now and then an inspector, that's all."

"But what do you do all the time?" Doris was plainly aghast at thought of such a life. The woman smiled.

"Come up and see the light. You'll see the amount of cleaning there is to do. We never know when the inspector's coming, and there mustn't be a spot anywhere! He was here yesterday."

Doris' heart sank a trifle. Her mind had leaped to the possibility of help from the inspector. She followed the woman up the winding stairs, passing three bedrooms, each smaller than its pre-

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location, wanders away during a lull in the work and meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells her of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where the company are staging the next scene, and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked up by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near and follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man, Jimpsey, the villain of the company, goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage, and swooping down on the motionless car, snatches Doris and dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

Jerry, eluding Jimpsey, brings Doris to the city and she leaves him at a corner, refusing to allow him to see her home. He is on the point of turning away, when Doris is snatched into a big, blue car standing on the side street, which immediately dashes off, with Jerry in grim pursuit.

Jimpsey, still searching, comes into the city and sees Jerry. He also follows, but his car turns turtle and they get away from him.

Jerry, still following, is arrested for speeding and loses the blue car entirely.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where the wife of the lighthouse keeper recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

decessor, all beautifully clean, and adequately furnished. Then she stood with the woman beside the big light, with gray waters far below, gray sky overhead, the glory of the sunset gone, twilight closing in relentlessly. A sense of utter helplessness swept over her, as if her own world were thousands of leagues away. The woman seemed to read her thought, and smiled.

"It's lonely, but safe here," she said. "I often tell myself that when I'm here alone. Now I'll show you how the light works. It's just time for it to go on. See? Step back here."

She drew Doris back a few paces, pulled a handle, and a shaft of white light sprang out, sending a gleaming trail far across the darkening waters. Steadily the mechanism worked, without further touch from the woman, turning the great lantern steadily, cutting the light off, on, off, on, with automatic precision.

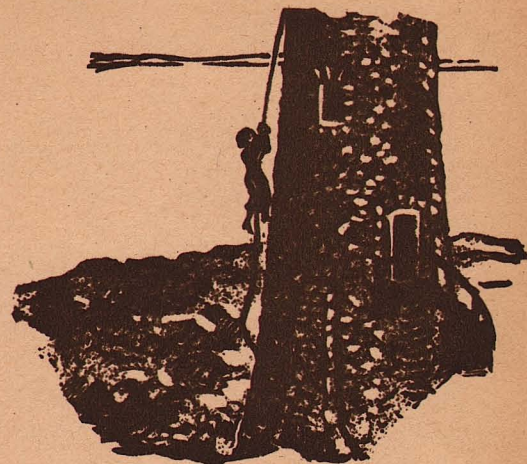
"It's fascinating," breathed Doris. "I've seen lighthouses winking at me, from the sea, but I never thought how it was done. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it."

"Not in these days," laughed the woman. "One of us sleeps up here, of course, and wakes up every hour to keep an eye out. That gets to be habit. You wake up, give a look at the light and the sea, and go to sleep again, without hardly knowing it. This is my night up here. Your room is the one right underneath. Miles has the one below that. So you see, you'll be well guarded."

There was the slightest shade of emphasis on the last sentence. Was she assuring her of safety, or warning her against an attempt to escape, Doris wondered. She had a sudden desire to be alone, to think over the amazing events of her hectic day.

"May I stay in my room now, then?" she asked. "I'm really very tired, and—and I want to think things over," she finished frankly.

"I don't wonder. I'll bring you hot water in a few minutes." She led the way into the room and left Doris there. Presently her voice came up from below, mingled with the man's rough



tones. He seemed to be excited, or angry, for his voice rose higher and higher.

"I tell you, we've got to do something about it," he barked distinctly. "If she leaves here, she's bound to tell—and the jig's up for us. She can't leave here a—"

Silence, as if the woman's hand had crushed the word on his lips. A silence that lasted. Upstairs, Doris waited, shivering, her mind running on and on, but coming back always to that last unfinished sentence. It was all too impossible, too fantastic! Such things didn't happen, in real life—only in the movies. And suddenly her lips twitched as her old, irresistible sense of humor bubbled up.

"And they think we put over a lot of impossible situations," she breathed. "Think what this day of mine would be on the screen!"

The woman, returning with hot water, nodded approvingly as she caught the smile.

"That's the idea! You've got real pluck! You'll find a few things in the closet there you can wear, and the toilet articles are all fresh and new. Extra blankets on this shelf, and—if here isn't our old friend Wee-jee! Ever play with one?"

She emerged from the closet with a Ouija board in her hands, holding it up laughingly.

"There was a time when I believed all it said," she declared. "I got over that, but it's an amusing thing. If you feel restless, try it. You know how?"

"I've seen it done," Doris said, "but it never interested me. Just now I'd rather think out my own problems." And suddenly the girl's eyes darkened with a new, impulsive feeling. She came close to the woman, putting both her slim hands on the strong arm in its gingham sleeve, lifting a face that was very lovely and appealing.

"I don't know what it's all about," she breathed. "I'm afraid. You're kind—but the man—and I'm all alone—there's nothing anywhere. Oh, won't you help me?"

"Now listen, child," the woman's voice dropped very low now. "Nothing's going to happen! Miles is mad and disappointed tonight. But I'll manage things. I'm going to lock you in, but the key will be in my pocket! He daresn't go too far with me."

They heard the man's step below. "I'm coming," called the woman, and with a reassuring pat for Doris' arm she was gone. Doris, standing quite still in the center of the room, fought for self-control as she heard the key turn in the lock. Slowly her gaze traveled over the little room with its shining circular walls, its clean little bed of iron, painted white, its white chairs and dressing table. She opened a closet. A white gown of fine cotton hung there, a kimono, slippers, a warm robe. On the shelf, more blankets, and—yes, a thick coil of heavy rope. For a moment her eyes lighted. Then she shook her head. Even if she made the escape from the window, what then? Could she swim out into the sea and hope to be picked up by a passing boat?

Seated on the floor, chin in cupped palms, elbows resting on the low window sill, she stared out. It was very dark, with occasional thick

clouds scudding across a sky that was but thinly sprinkled. The water lapped at the rocks—the only sound in a vast chasm of silence. Doris tried to keep a grip on her power of clear thinking.

"Someone had planned to kidnap a girl, for some reason," she pondered. "They were waiting, and they mistook me for the right girl. Oh, if I'd let my motorcycle hero take me home! If I hadn't been so silly! Why did I care whether he found out I am an actress? Why did I let him hide me away from poor old Jimsey? Where's Jimsey now? Where's my motorcycle hero? If he'd been properly interested he would have watched from afar, and ridden to my rescue, like the knights of old!"

That last thought persisted for a moment, bringing a little resentful hurt. Why hadn't he watched? Why hadn't he saved her? He had seemed so resourceful, so devoted, so—so different!

"But now, here I am, and nobody knows! And this awful beast downstairs knows if I get away he isn't safe! Can I bribe him, promise not to get him in trouble? He wouldn't believe me..."

On and on and on raced the mind of Doris, growing more doubtful, more terrified, more desperate, as time slipped by and the silence continued. At last she heard the woman go upstairs, to her couch in the little room back of the light. She pictured her there, asleep, waking to look out and sleep again. She heard the man move about in the room below. Then, steps, soft and cautious, on the stairs. Steps that stopped, while Doris held her hands over her lips to keep back a scream. She saw the knob of her door turn, silently. Then, after an eternity, the steps, going back. Silence again, and terror!

"If he had been able to get in," she shivered. "Will he find a way?"

Presently she turned from the window, resolutely determined to compose herself. In soft slippers she went silently about, bathing her face, deciding not to undress, settling down beside the light to try to read. Abandoning that as hopeless, she picked up the Ouija board, and set it on the little table beside her.

"Now's your chance, Wee-jee," she whispered. "What have you to suggest?"

And suddenly under her tense fingers the pointer began to move, to point. Amazingly she watched, her eyes growing wide, a soft flame of excitement leaping to her cheeks as her lips whispered the letters.

"R-o-p-e, rope!" she breathed, incredulously. "G-o, go a-t, at, t-w-e-l-v-e! H-e-l-p, f-r-o-m, t-h-e, e-a-s-t, —"

Abruptly, it stopped. Doris was white to the lips now. Her fingers fell limply from the board. Over and over her stiff lips whispered:

"It said: 'Rope. Go at twelve. Help from the east.' Shall I? It must have been my imagination—my fingers must have done it unconsciously! If I left this room I might be killed. That man might be watching..."

But in the end Doris did the thing that she had been taught to do in her last serial but one. She knotted the rope to her iron bed. She dropped it from the window. She wound her hands thickly with pieces of the cotton gown, and she went down, steadily and securely, to the rocks below. There she ran lightly to the eastern side of the island, made her way over high rocks and down to the water's edge. There was a tiny strip of pebbled beach here, scarcely more than a yard long. She dropped on it, just as a moon came riding out of the clouds, throwing a light almost as bright as day down over the island, bringing everything into plain view.

"The rocks hide me from the house," she thought. "If that man comes out I shall fling myself into the water and stay under until I drown."

But no sound came from the house. For a half hour Doris strained her eyes toward the east. The light was fitful, the moon obscured now by the clouds, now breaking out with a dazzling radiance. It was after an unusually long bit of darkness that Doris saw the boat!

It was coming straight toward her, out of the open sea. It was quite near at hand she thought at first but it seemed a long time before it came close enough for her to see that it was a small boat with high sides, and it was being rowed by someone in a dark suit. Someone who rowed slowly, as if very tired and uncertain.

"Is it my hero-man?" she asked herself excitedly. "Is it? Is it?"

Under the clouds went the tantalizing moon again. In the darkness the boat grated on the pebbles. "Be careful," Doris whispered hoarsely. "Oh, be careful. Don't let anyone hear!"

The moon popped out. There was the boat—a motor boat with its engine stalled. And on the seat, oars in drooping hands, face white and drawn with fatigue, sat a girl—a very pretty girl in knickers and a dark, closely fitting coat. A girl with a halo of fluffy gold hair, and wide, startled blue eyes.

PROFESSIONALLY, James Barrington Gillette, commonly known as Jimsey, was a "heavy man."

Personally, he was active of mind and agile of body, possessing that rather indefinable quality that is known as being quick on the trigger. The pile of soft dirt which received him from the arms of the yellow roadster held his manly form for exactly thirty seconds. Then he struggled to his feet, gasping for the breath that was coming back to him with slow painfulness, gave the punctured tires one sweeping look and one eloquent remark, and turned his attention to his surroundings.

Already the blue limousine and the motorcycle had disappeared. A crowd was gathering around Jimsey—the sort of crowd that springs up in a New York street by magic, with nothing whatever to do but stand and look at an accident, or a moving safe, or a human fly. Jimsey ran his eye over them impatiently, then dashed across to the opposite curb where a man had brought a battered little ord to a stop and stepped out to be numbered among those present at the gathering.

"Say, brother," Jimsey proposed genially. "I'll trade you that Stutz, a month old, perfectly sound but for two wrecked tires, for your little Lizzie here. Is it a go?"

"But—but," stammered the stranger, "yours is worth—"

"It's worth nothing to me lying there. And my time

just now is worth a million dollars a minute. Your car will go. What say? You on?"

"Y-y-yes. S-s-s-sure! She's a s-s-s-self-st-t-t-tarter," stutted the man, dazed by the rapidity of the transaction.

"Right-o. Much obliged, friend." And Jimsey was off, his new conveyance carrying him briskly ahead with the dogged reliability for which its whole family is justly noted.

"It's a cinch they were making for the Queensboro Bridge," he decided, guiding the snubby nose of "Lizzie" toward the Plaza. "Now, old girl," he cautioned, half aloud, "mind your step. No getting into trouble with the cops, you know. This is no time for a hold-up."

So, edging decorously along, he came to a point where he could see, only a few yards ahead of him, the blue car, waiting for the whistle that would allow it to move on the bridge.

"Good luck is ours, Lizzie-girl. We can keep her in sight," he chuckled, "but where—"

Almost, his muttered question ended in a whoop of sheer joy. For there, standing dismally beside a tall traffic officer, his face a study of despair, was the man with the motorcycle. It was plain that he had been held up, and that he would not be allowed to proceed at once. Chuckling with unholy glee, Jimsey watched until the shrill whistle rang out. Then, moving forward with the orderly mass of vehicles of every description, he flung one soul-satisfying taunt at the helpless prisoner.

"S'long, brother. We mourn your loss!" he yelled.

The look of utter despair and fury on the victim's face was worth lingering to watch; had Jimsey had leisure for lingering. As it was, he grinned but once, and settled down to the business of keeping his eye on the blue car.

Once across the bridge, luck was with him and he was enabled to push up to the place he wanted. For a half hour they followed the smooth, hard boulevard, with its endless procession of motors whirling in both directions. Doggedly, Jimsey maintained his position. For the driver of the blue car, evidently meaning to attract no attention, kept well within the speed limits. "If he ever decides to let 'er out on this road, we're lost, Little Lizzie," fretted Jimsey.

But he didn't. Instead, he swerved suddenly off on a southeasterly road, and followed it steadily with a speed that gradually increased as travel lessened and the villages became farther and farther apart. There was no question now that Jimsey would presently be left far behind! And then, suddenly, the blue car swerved and struck off into a narrow dirt road.

Jimsey, as has been noted before, was quick on the trigger. He knew better than to seem to be following, so he drove straight past the little road, peering down to see that it was green and crooked and ran away into a tangle of low-hanging trees. When he turned and drove back, the blue car was out of sight and he slowed down and looked at the marks of its tires in the soft dirt.

"Good luck again, Lizzie," he declared. "If they keep to dirt roads we can't miss that tire tread. Not while it's daylight!"

He glanced at the sun, and drove on, every sense alert, keeping his eyes on the tell-tale trail.

On and on and on! Abruptly, the little road took the bit in its teeth and plunged out of its obscurity into flat, open country. There was a strong tang of salt in the air now. Swamp grass began to wave from sandy stretches. Here and there a clump of scrub-oaks stretched out gnarled arms. The little road was running away to sea! But all along its sandy length still lay the peculiar stamp of the blue car's tires, and Lizzie put her stubby nose to the ground and followed them faithfully.

Followed them, until, without noise or turbulence or warning, she suddenly stopped in her tracks, like a faithful horse protesting at last against pitiless overwork. Gradually the awful truth dawned on Jimsey. What he said need not be recorded. Over there, where the sand met the sky, there might be a village, there might be a garage where one could buy gas. Again, there might not! Grimly, he pushed the dejected little car out of the road, over beside a bunch of scrub pines. Grimly, he took up the trail again, on foot.

A mile of trudging brought him out on sandy dunes that ran down to meet the sea. Jimsey stopped, staring. It seemed incredible that so desolate and lonely a spot could exist within two hours of the city. Sand dunes stretched away on either hand; gray waves ran up to thunder at barren rocks; and nowhere was there sight or sound of human visitants.

"But the trail's here," breathed Jimsey, and followed it. There, a few feet back from the rocks, the trail swerved, followed the curve of the water's edge, struck back again in a southwesterly direction across the dunes.

"They're going to hit another road over there, and circle back," mused Jimsey. "But what—ah!"

From the seaward side of the blue car's trail a line of footprints ran down to the rocks that edged the sea. Jimsey followed them, anxious-eyed, deeply moved.

"A man and a girl went down. A man came back alone. Someone met them here with a boat. She's out there somewhere! My God!"

Up to this time he had been anxious, but not stirred to the depths of his being, as he now was. He had been confident he could handle the situation, could somehow keep near and bring her out all right. But standing there alone in a waste of gray sand and gray sea, with the sun dropping swiftly down the west, with one gaunt bird winging a black trail across a desolate sky, Jimsey's nerve was badly shaken.

"Little Doris!" he breathed heavily. "What's it all for? Where have they gone with her? That little, innocent thing! How..."

Abruptly he began to run, with floundering steps, through the deep sand, along the trail the blue car had made.

IT seemed to Jerry that he stood for an hour, at least, beside the inexorable officer, hemmed in by the vehicular mob that the rush hours bring to the Queensborough Plaza. In reality it was exactly twelve minutes before the keen eyes were turned on him, taking in the straight, up-standing figure, the anxious face, the frank, imploring eyes, the tiny service pin on the left lapel of the well-cut but rather worn coat.

"There, lad, be off with ye," he said, "but mind your

step. Keep your own place in the procession. Ye can't be doin' trick stunts in a jam like this."

"Thanks, officer," Jerry said, "I'll remember." Steadily he moved forward, outwardly decorous, inwardly raging, as he kept his place in the procession over the bridge.

"A snail could race this outfit and win," he grumbled. "But after all, why hurry? I've lost 'em! What can I do when I get across the bridge?"

To the traffic officer at the bridge's end he put a faint-hearted question that was met by an unfeeling grin.

"A blue limousine, me boy? Yes, I've likely seen a hundred of them in the last hour. They ain't so uncommon that I put 'em down in my diary, you know."

"But this one had all the curtains drawn and there was a Ford trailing it," Jerry persisted.

"Is that so? Now that would identify it. A Ford behind it!"

"Oh hell!" exploded Jerry and took the first road ahead. A few miles along it divided, and the branch that turned to the north looked as smooth, as well-travelled and as uncommunicative as the one that curved southward.

"My luck's left me!" he gloomed. Disconsolately he rode up to the garage which had, with a keen eye for business, planted itself in the crotch of the two roads.

"Fill 'er up," he directed, peeling a greenback off an exceedingly fragile roll. "I can't run a chance on being stuck for lack of gas."

"Goin' far?" asked the man, pumping expertly. "Which road?"

"I wish I knew! You see, I was trailing some—some friends, and I got held up at the other end of the bridge and lost them. Now I don't know what to do. I'll just have to hunt the Island over."

"Some job, I'll say. Talk about a needle in a haystack—"

"Oh, I know," Jerry broke in irritably. "But I've got to do something! Of course you didn't see a big blue limousine with a Ford close behind—too common to notice."

"A big blue—say, bo, the angel of good luck was hoverin' right close when you come into the world. The big blue one stopped here for a couple of minutes. Chauffeur in uniform drivin'. Curtains all tight in the back. That it?"

"Yes, yes," yelled Jerry. "And the Ford?"

"Just happened to notice it. One man in that. Stopped just down the road there and waited till the blue one went ahead, then followed along. Didn't think a thing of it then, but—"

"Hooray!" yelled Jerry. "Which way did they go? South? Thanks a million times." He glanced at the fragile roll, but the man shook his head, grinning good-naturedly.

"Keep it, son, keep it. My son seen service, too. On-your-way, now, as my boy says. Good luck."

With youth's amazing redundancy Jerry's spirits rocketed skyward as he set off on the southerly road. "My lucky day!" he chuckled. "Everything works my way. Old lady Fate's on my side. I'll catch up with them and keep them in sight, and trust to my guardian angel to send help when I need it."

Mile after mile flashed by. Gradually, the stream of motors thinned until the road was sparsely dotted with them and he could look far ahead. A signboard announced a crossroad. Jerry slowed down, and as he came near he saw Old Lady Fate, to whom he had just referred with such jovial affection, standing in the middle of the road, holding up a hand which unquestionably meant STOP! She had taken the form of a blue-uniformed Hercules, and Jerry's heart began to settle toward his shoes, even before the rich and half-jovial voice spoke: "Just a minute, my lad. Let's see the number of that little machine. I thought so. Sorry, my boy, and you an ex-service man. You should of had more sense. Don't ye know the telephone system works yet, even if it do be a bit slow at times? Why did ye have so little brains as to think ye could get away with it?"

And suddenly the full extent of his new dilemma crashed in on Jerry's bewildered mind. Under his healthy coat of tan his face went pale.

"Look here, officer," he protested, "I wasn't stealing this Indian. It was an emergency! I HAD to take it. I HAVE to go on, I tell you. I'll return it, all right. I never thought—you see, there was a girl—"

"Of course there was a girl. There generally is, I'm noticin', but that's neither here nor there. The point is, ye took that Indian and it belongs to the Chief up in the Bronx."

"But I tell you—"

"That'll be all, me lad! There's no argument. Ye can do your explainin' to the Jedge in the mornin'."

There was no relenting in voice, or eyes, or tightly closed jaw. Desperately, Jerry felt his hope, his optimism, his abounding confidence in a kindly fate slipping from him.

(Continued next week)

Roles They'll Never Play

Could you imagine a lineup like this?

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"	William S. Hart
"Passion"	Sylvia Ashton
"Huckleberry Finn"	Theodore Roberts
"Too Much Sleep"	Walter Hiers
"Fair and Warmer"	Elsie Ferguson
"Lucretia Borgia"	May McAvoy
"Rags"	Gloria Swanson
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"	produced by Cecil DeMille
"Seventeen"	Theodore Kosloff
"Old Lady 31"	Lila Lee
"The Frisky Miss Flighty"	Ethel Clayton

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 10)

got a mild form of typhoid—he's that unwell the mornings when he's been out late in the city. Say what you're a mind to, typhoid is typhoid! And if you hain't got it you're likely to get it most any minute; but he won't swaller the teas and broths and suffusions I bring him, and he'll be took like everybody else one of these days, dearie—which he wouldn't if he's listen to me—"

"Mrs. Quant," came Desboro's voice from the landing. "Y—yes, sir," stammered that guilty and agitated Cassandra.

Jacqueline set aside her teacup and came to the stairs; their glances met in the suppressed amusement or mutual comprehension, and he conducted her to the hallway below, where a big log fire was blazing.

"What was it—death, destruction, and general woe, as usual?" he asked.

"And typhoid," she whispered. "It appears that you have it!"

"Poor old soul! She means all right; but imagine me here with her all day, dodging infusions and broths and red flannel! Warm your hands at the blaze, Miss Nevers, and I'll find the armory keys. It will be a little colder in there."

She spread her hands to the flames, conscious of his subtle change of manner toward her, now that she was actually under his roof—and liked him for it—not in the least surprised that she was comprehending still another phase of this young man's most interesting personality.

For, without reasoning, her slight misgivings concerning him were vanishing; instinct told her she might even permit herself a friendlier manner, and she looked up smilingly when he came back swinging a bunch of keys.

"These belong to the Quant," he explained. "—honest old soul! Every gem and ivory and lump of jade in the collection is at her mercy, for here are the keys to every case. Now, Miss Nevers, what do you require? Pencil and pad?"

"I have my notebook, thanks—a new one in your honor."

He said he was flattered and led the way through a wide corridor to the eastern wing; unlocked a pair of massive doors, and swung them wide. And, beside him, she walked into the armory of the famous Desboro collection.

Straight ahead of her, paved with black marble, lay a lane through a double rank of armed and mounted men in complete armor; and she could scarcely suppress a little cry of surprise and admiration.

"This is magnificent!" she exclaimed; and he saw her cheeks brighten, and her breath coming faster.

"It is fine," he said soberly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Desboro! That is a noble array of armor. I feel like some legendary princess of long ago, passing her chivalry in review as I move between these double ranks. What a wonderful collection! All Spanish and Milanese mail, isn't it? Your grandfather specialized?"

"I believe he did. I don't know very much about the collection, technically."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Why, yes—more, perhaps, than I realized—now that you are actually here to take it away."

"But I'm not going to put it into a magic pocket and flee to New York with it!"

She spoke gaily, and his face, which had become a little grave, relaxed into its habitual expression of careless good humor.

They had slowly traversed the long lane, and now, turning, came back through groups of men-at-arms, pikemen, billmen, arquebussiers, crossbowmen, archers, halberdiers, slingers—all the multitudinous arms of a polyglot service, each apparently equipped with his proper weapon and properly accounted for trouble.

Once or twice she glanced at the trophies aloft on the walls, every group bunched behind its shield and radiating from it under the drooping remnants of banners emblazoned with arms, crests, insignia, devices, and quarterings long since forgotten, except by such people as herself.

She moved gracefully, leisurely, pausing now and then before some panoplied manikin, Desboro sauntering beside her. Now and then she stopped to inspect an ancient piece of ordnance, wonderfully wrought and chased, now and then halted on tip-toe to lift some slitted visor and peer into the dusky cavern of the helmet, where a painted face stared back at her out of painted eyes.

"Who scours all this mail?" he asked.

"Our old armorer. My grandfather trained him. But he's very old and rheumatic now, and I don't let him exert himself. I think he sleeps all winter, like a woodchuck, and fishes all summer."

"You ought to have another armorer."

"I can't turn Michael out to starve, can I?"

She swung around swiftly: "I didn't mean that!" and saw he was laughing at her.

"I know you didn't," he said. "But I can't afford two armorers. That's the reason I'm disposing of these tin-clothed tenants of mine—to economize and cut expenses."

She moved on, evidently desiring to obtain a general impression of the task before her, now and then examining the glass-encased labels at the feet of the figures, and occasionally shaking her head. Already the errant lock curled across her cheek.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. "Aren't these gentlemen correctly ticketed?"

"Some are not. That suit of gilded mail is not Spanish; it's German. It is not very difficult to make such a mistake sometimes."

Steam heat had been put in, but the vast hall was chilly except close to the long ranks of oxidized pipes lining the walls. They stood a moment, leaning against them and looking out across the place, all glittering with the mail-clad figures.

"I've easily three weeks' work before me among these mounted figures alone, to say nothing of the men on foot and the trophies and artillery," she said. "Do

you know it is going to be rather expensive for you, Mr. Desboro?"

This did not appear to disturb him.

"Because," she went on, "a great many mistakes have been made in labelling, and some mistakes in assembling the complete suits of mail and in assigning weapons. For example, that mounted man in front of you is wearing tilting armor and a helmet that doesn't belong to it. That's a childish mistake."

"We'll put the proper lid on him," said Desboro. "Show it to me and I'll put it all over him now."

"It's up there aloft with the trophies, I think—the fifth group."

"There's a ladder on wheels for a closer view of the weapons. Shall I trundle it in?"

He went out into the hallway and presently came back pushing a clanking extension ladder with a railed top to it. Then he affixed the crank and began to grind until it rose to the desired height.

"All I ask of you is not to tumble off it," he said. "Do you promise?"

She promised with mock seriousness: "Because I need all my brains, you see."

"You've a lot of 'em, haven't you, Miss Nevers?"

"No, not many."

He shrugged: "I wonder, then, what a quantitative analysis of mine might produce."

She said: "You are as clever as you take the trouble to be—"

and stopped herself short, unwilling to drift into personalities.

"It's the interest that is lacking in me," he said, "—or perhaps the incentive."

She made no comment.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"—And don't care," he added.

She flushed, half turned in protest, but remained silent.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean to force your interest in myself. Tell me, is there anything I can do for your comfort before I go? And shall I go and leave you to abstruse meditation, or do I disturb you by tagging about at your heels?"

His easy, light tone relieved her. She looked around her at the armed figures:

"You don't disturb me. I was trying to think where to begin. Tomorrow I'll bring up some reference books—"

"Perhaps you can find what you want in my grandfather's library. I'll show you where it is when you are ready."

"I wonder if he has Grenville's monograph on Spanish and Milanese mail?"

"I'll see."

He went away and remained for ten minutes. She was minutely examining the sword belonging to a rather battered suit of armor when he returned with the book.

"You see," she said, "you are useful. I did well to suggest that you remain here. Now, look, Mr. Desboro. This is German armor, and here is a Spanish sword of a different century along with it! That's all wrong, you know. Antonius was the sword-maker; here is his name on the hexagonal, gilded iron hilt—'Antonius Me Fecit'."

"You'll put that all right," he said confidently. "Won't you?"

"That's why you asked me here, isn't it?"

He may have been on the point of an indiscreet rejoinder, for he closed his lips suddenly and began to examine another sword. It belonged to the only female equestrian figure in the collection—a beautifully shaped suit of woman's armor, astride a painted war-horse, the cuirass of Milan plates.

"The Countess of Oroposa," he said. "It was her peculiar privilege, after the Count's death, to ride in full armor and carry a naked sword across her knees when the Spanish Court made a solemn entry into cities. Which will be about all from me," he added with a laugh. "Are you ready for luncheon?"

"Quite, thank you. But you said that you didn't know much about this collection. Let me see that sword, please."

He drew it from its scabbard and presented the hilt. She took it, studied it, then read aloud the device in verse:

"Paz Comiga Nunca Veo Y Siempre Guerra Dese."
("There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!")

Her clear young voice repeating the old sword's motto seemed to ring a little through the silence—as though it were the clean-cut voice of the blade itself.

"What a fine motto," he said guilelessly. "And you interpret it as though it were your own."

"I like the sound of it. There is no compromise in it."

"Why not assume it for your own? 'There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!' Why not adopt it?"

"Do you mean that such a militant motto suits me?" she asked, amused, and caught the half-laughing, half-malicious glimmer in his eyes, and knew in an instant he had divined her attitude toward himself, and toward her own self, too—war on them both, lest they succumb to the friendship that threatened. Silent, preoccupied, she went back with him through the armory, through the hallway, into a rather commonplace dining-room, where a table had already been laid for two.

Desboro jingled a small silver bell, and presently luncheon was announced. She ate with the healthy appetite of the young, and he pretended to. Several cats and dogs of unaristocratic degree came purring and wagging about the table, and he indulged them with an impartiality that interested her, allotting to each its portion, and serenely chastising the greedy.

"What wonderful impartiality!" she ventured. "I couldn't do it; I'd be sure to prefer one of them."

"Why entertain preference for anything or anybody?"

"That's nonsense."

"No; it's sense. Because, if anything happens to

one, there are the others to console you. It's pleasanter to like impartially."

She was occupied with her fruit cup; presently she glanced up at him:

"Is that your policy?"

"Isn't it a safe one?"

"Yes. Is it yours?"

"Wisdom suggests it to me—has always urged it. I'm not sure that it always works. For example, I prefer champagne to milk, but I try not to."

"You always contrive to twist sense into nonsense."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No; but don't you ever take anything seriously?"

"Myself."

"I'm afraid you don't."

"Indeed, I do! See how my financial mishaps sent me flying to you for help!"

She said: "You don't even take seriously what you call your financial mishaps."

"But I take the remedy for them most reverently and most thankfully."

"The remedy?"

"You."

A slight color stained her cheeks; for she did not see just how to avoid the footing they had almost reached—the understanding which, somehow, had been impending from the moment they met. Intuition had warned her against it. And now here it was.

How could she have avoided it, when it was perfectly evident from the first that he found her interesting—that his voice and intonation and bearing were always subtly offering friendship, no matter what he said to her, whether in jest or earnest, in light-hearted idleness or in all the decorum of the perfunctory and commonplace.

To have made more out of it than was in it would have been no sillier than to priggishly discountenance his harmless good humor. To be prim would have been ridiculous. Besides, everything innocent in her found an instinctive pleasure, even in her own misgivings concerning this man and the unsettled problem of her personal relations with him—unsolved with her, at least; but he appeared to have settled it for himself.

As they walked back to the armory together, she was trying to think it out; and she concluded that she might dare be toward him as unconcernedly friendly as he would ever think of being toward her. And it gave her a little thrill of pride to feel that she was equipped to carry through her part in a light, gay, ephemeral friendship with one belonging to a world about which she knew nothing at all.

That ought to be her attitude—friendly, spirited, pretending to a "savoir faire" only surmised by her own good taste—lest he find her stupid and narrow, ignorant and dull. And it occurred to her very forcibly that she would not like that.

So—let him admire her.

His motives, perhaps, were as innocent as hers. Let him say the unexpected and disconcerting things it amused him to say. She knew well enough how to parry them, once her mind was made up not to entirely ignore them; and that would be much better. That, no doubt, was the manner in which women of his own world met the easy badinage of men; and she determined to let him discover that she was interesting if she chose to be.

She had produced her notebook and pencil when they entered the armory. He carried Grenville's celebrated monograph, and she consulted it from time to time, bending her dainty head beside his shoulder, and turning the pages of the volume with a smooth and narrow hand that fascinated him.

They stopped before a horseman, clad from head to spurs in superb mail. On a ground of blackened steel the pieces were embossed with gold grotesqueries; the cuirass was formed by overlapping horizontal plates, the three upper ones composing a gorget of solid gold. Nymphs, satyrs, gods, goddesses and cupids in exquisite design and composition framed the "lorica"; cuisses and tassettes carried out the lorica pattern; coudes, arm-guards, and genouilleres were dolphin masks, gilded.

"Parade armor," she said under her breath, "not war armor, as it has been labelled. It is armor de luxe, and probably royal, too. Do you see the collar of the Golden Fleece on the gorget? And there hangs the fleece itself, borne by two cupids as a canopy for Venus rising from the sea. That is probably Sigman's XVI century work. Is it not royally magnificent!"

"Lord! What a lot of lore you seem to have acquired!" he said.

"But I was trained to this profession by the ablest teacher in America—" her voice fell, "—by my father. Do you wonder that I know a little about it?"

They moved on in silence to where a man-at-arms stood leaning both clasped hands over the gilded pommel of a sword.

She said quickly: "That sword belongs to parade armor! How stupid to give it to this pikeman! Don't you see? The blade is diamond sectioned: Horn of Solingen's mark is on the ricasso. And, oh, what a wonderful hilt! It is a miracle!"

The hilt was really a miracle; carved in gold relief, Italian renaissance style, the guard centre was decorated with black arabesques on a gold ground; quillons curved down, ending in cupid's heads of exquisite beauty.

The guard was engraved with a cartouche enclosing the Three Graces; and from it sprang a beautiful counter-guard formed out of two lovely Caryatids united. The grip was made of heliotrope amethyst inset with gold; the pommel constructed by two volutes which encompassed a tiny naked nymph with emeralds for her eyes.

"What a masterpiece!" she breathed. "It can be matched only in the Royal Armory of Madrid."

"Have you been abroad, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes, several times with my father. It was part of my education in business."

He said: "Yours is a French name?"

"My father was French."

"He must have been a very cultivated man."

"Self-cultivated."

"Perhaps," he said, "there was once a 'de' written before 'Nevers'."

She laughed: "No. Father's family were always bourgeois shopkeepers—as I am."

He looked at the dainty girl beside him, with her features and slender limbs and bearing of an aristocrat.

"Too bad," he said, pretending disillusion. "I expected you'd tell how your ancestors died on the

scaffold, remarking in laudable chorus, "Vive le Roi!" She laughed and sparkled deliciously. "Alas, no, monsieur. But, ma foi! Some among them may have worked the guillotine for Sanson or drummed for Santerre. "You seem to me to symbolize all the grace and charm that perished on the Place de Greve."

She laughed: "Look again, and see if it is not their Nemesis I more closely resemble." And as she said it so gaily, an odd idea struck him that she did embody something less obvious, something more vital, than the symbol of an aristocratic regime perishing en masse against the blood-red sky of Paris. He did not know what it was about her that seemed to symbolize all that is forever young and fresh and imperishable. Perhaps it was only the evolution of the real world he saw in her opening into blossom and disclosing such as she to justify the darkness and woe of the long travail.

She had left him standing alone with Grenville's book open in his hands, and was now examining a figure wearing a coat of fine steel mail, with a black corselet decorated with "horizontal" bands.

"Do you notice the difference?" she asked. "In German armor the bands are vertical. This is Milanese, and I think the Negrolis made it. See how exquisitely the morion is decorated with these lions' heads in gold for cheek pieces, and these bands of gold damascene over the skull-piece, that meet to form Minerva's face above the brow! I'm sure it's the Negrolis work. Wait! Ah, here is the inscription! 'P. Jacobi et Fratr Negrolis aciebat MDXXXIX.' Bring me Grenville's book, please."

She took it, ran over the pages rapidly, found what she wanted, and then stepped forward and laid her white hand on another grim, mailed figure.

"This is foot-armor," she said, "and does not belong with that morion. It's neither Milanese nor yet Augsburg make; it's Italian, but who made it I don't know. You see it's a superb combination of parade armor and war mail, with all the gorgeous design of the former and the smoothness and toughness of the latter. Really, Mr. Desboro, this investigation is becoming exciting. I never before saw such a suit of foot-armor."

"Perhaps it belonged to the catcher of some ancient baseball club," he suggested.

She turned, laughing, but exasperated: "I'm not going to let you remain near me," she said. "You annihilate every atom of romance; you are an anachronism here, anyway."

"I know it; but you fit in delightfully with tournaments and pageants and things—"

"Go up on that ladder and sit!" resolutely pointing.

He went. Perched aloft, he lighted a cigarette and surveyed the prospect.

"Mark Twain killed all this sort of thing for me," he observed.

She said indignantly: "It's the only thing I never have forgiven him."

"He told the truth."

"I know. But, oh, how could he write what he did about King Arthur's Court! And what is the use of truth, anyway, unless it leaves us ennobling illusions?"

Ennobling illusions! She did not know it; but except for them she never would have existed, nor others like her that are yet to come in myriads.

Desboro waved his cigarette gracefully and declaimed:

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust;
Their souls are up the spout we trust—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"That silly parody on a noble verse is not humorous. Truth seldom is. The men who wore those suits of mail were everything that nobody now admires—brutal, selfish, ruthless—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Are there not a number of such gentlemen still existing on earth?"

"New York's full of them," he admitted cheerfully, "but they conceal what they really are on account of the police."

"Is that all that five hundred years has taught men—concealment?"

"Yes, and five thousand," he muttered; but said aloud: "It hasn't anything to do with admiring the iron hats and clothes they wore. If you'll let me come down I'll admire 'em—"

"No."

"I want to carry your book for you."

"No."

"—And listen to everything you say about the vertical stripes on their Dutch trousers—"

"Very well," she consented, laughing; "you may descend and examine these gold inlaid and checkered trousers. They were probably made for a fashionable dandy by Alonso Garcia, five hundred years ago; and you will observe that they are still beautifully creased."

Under the careless surface, she divined a sort of perverse intelligence; she was certain that what appealed to her he, also, understood when he chose to; because he understood so much—much that she had not even imagined—much of life, and of the world, and of the men and women in it. But, having lived a life so full, so different from her own, perhaps his interest was less easily aroused: perhaps it might be even a little fatigued by the endless pageant moving with him amid scenes of brightness and happiness which seemed to her as far away from herself and as unreal as scenes in the painted arras hanging on the walls.

They had been speaking of operas in which armour, incorrectly designed and worn, was tolerated by public ignorance; and, thinking of the "horseshoe," where all that is wealthy, and intelligent, and wonderful, and aristocratic in New York is supposed to congregate, she had mentally placed him there among those elegant and distant young men who are to be seen sauntering from one gilded box to another, or, gracefully posed, decorating and further embellishing boxes already replete with jeweled and feminine beauty; or in the curtained depths, mysterious silhouettes motionless against the dull red glow.

And, if those gold-encrusted boxes had been celestial balconies, full of blessed damosels leaning over heaven's edge, they would have seemed no farther away, no more accessible to her, than they seemed from where she sometimes sat or stood, all alone, to listen to Farrar and Caruso.

The light in the armory was growing a little dim. She bent more closely over her notebook, the printed pages of Mr. Grenville, and the shimmering, inlaid, and embossed armor.

"Shall we have tea?" he suggested.

"Tea? Oh, thank you, Mr. Desboro; but when the light fails, I'll have to go."

It was failing fast. She used the delicate tips of her fingers more often in examining engraved, inlaid, and embossed surfaces.

"I never had electricity put into the armory," he said. "I'm sorry now—for your sake."

"I'm sorry, too. I could have worked until six."

"There!" he said, laughing. "You have admitted it! What are you going to do for nearly two hours if you don't take tea? Your train doesn't leave until six. Did you propose to go to the station and sit there?"

Her confused laughter was very sweet, and she admitted that she had nothing to do after the light failed except to fold her hands and wait for the train.

"Then won't you have tea?"

"I'd—rather not!"

He said: "You could take it alone in your room if you liked—and rest a little. Mrs. Quant will call you."

She looked up at him after a moment, and her cheeks were very pink and her eyes brilliant:

"I'd rather take it with you, Mr. Desboro. Why shouldn't I say so?"

No words came to him, and not much breath, so totally unexpected was her reply.

Still looking at him, the faint smile fading into seriousness, she repeated:

"Why shouldn't I say so? Is there any reason? You know better than I what a girl alone may do. And I would like to have some tea—and have it with you."

He didn't smile; he was too clever—perhaps too decent. "It's quite all right," he said. "We'll have it served in the library where there's a fire here."

So they slowly crossed the armory and traversed the hallway, where she left him for a moment and ran up stairs to her room. When she rejoined him in the library, he noticed that the insurgent lock of hair had been deftly tucked in among its lustrous comrades; but the first shake of her head dislodged it again, and there it was, threatening him, as usual, from its soft, warm ambush against her cheek.

"Can't you do anything with it?" he asked, sympathetically, as she seated herself and poured the tea.

"Do anything with what?"

"That lock of hair. It's loose again, and it will do murder some day."

She laughed with scarcely a trace of confusion, and handed him his cup.

"That's the first thing I noticed about you," he added.

"That lock of hair? I can't do anything with it. Isn't it horribly messy?"

"It's dangerous."

"How absurd!"

"Are you ever known as 'Stray Lock' among your intimates?"

"I should think not," she said scornfully. "It sounds like a children's picture-book story."

"But you look like one."

"Mr. Desboro!" she protested. "Haven't you any common sense?"

"You look," he said reflectively, "as though you came from the same bookshelf as 'Gold Locks,' 'The Robber Kitten,' and 'A Princess Far Away,' and all those immortal volumes of the 'days that are no more.' Would you mind if I label you 'Stray Lock,' and put you on the shelf among the other immortals?"

Her frank laughter rang out sweetly:

"I very much object to being labeled and shelved—particularly shelved."

"I'll promise to read you every day—"

"No, thank you!"

"I'll promise to take you everywhere with me—"

"In your pocket? No, thank you. I object to being either shelved or pocketed—to be consulted at pleasure—or when you're bored."

They both had been laughing a good deal, and were slightly excited by their game of harmless *double entendre*. But now, perhaps it was becoming a trifle too obvious, and Jacqueline checked herself to glance back mentally and see how far she had gone along the path of friendship.

She could not determine; for the path has many twists and turnings, and she had sped forward lightly and swiftly, and was still conscious of the exhilaration of the pace in his gay and irresponsible company.

Her smile changed and died out; she leaned back in her leather chair, gazing absently at the fiery reflections crimsoning the adirons on the hearth, and hearing afar, the steady downpour of the winter rain.

Subtly the quiet and warmth of the room invaded her with a sense of content, not due, perhaps, to them alone. And dreamily conscious that this might be so, she lifted her eyes and looked across the table at him.

"I wonder," she said, "if this is all right?"

"What?"

"Our situation—here."

"Situations are what we make them."

"But," she asked candidly, "could you call this a business situation?"

He laughed unrestrainedly, and finally she ventured to smile; secretly reassured.

"Are business and friendship incompatible?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Are they? I have to be careful in the shop, with younger customers and clerks. To treat them with more than pleasant civility would spoil them for business. My father taught me that. He served in the French Army."

"Do you think," he said gravely, "that you are spoiling me for business purposes?"

She smiled: "I was thinking—wondering whether you did not more accurately represent the corps of officers and I the line. I am only a temporary employee of yours. Mr. Desboro, and some day you may be angry at what I do and you may say, 'Tonnerre de Dieu!' to me—which I wouldn't like if we were friends, but which I'd otherwise endure."

"We're friends already; what are you going to do about it?"

She knew it was so now, for better or worse, and she looked at him shyly, a little troubled by what the end of this day had brought her.

(Continued next week)



The Sign of the Rose, George Beban Prod.

This dramatic story of an Italian laborer has for years served Beban on the speaking stage, where he is recognized master of his character. It goes very big indeed on the screen. Emotion runs highest in the scenes showing the Italian falsely accused of kidnapping a millionaire's child, while his own baby girl (killed by the same millionaire's motor car), is not yet even buried. The utter pathos of the story is relieved by quiet comedy touches. Beban has surrounded himself with a strong support. A fairly happy ending.

Mistress of the World, U. F. A. Prod., Chapter 1. Hamilton Theatrical Corp.

Melodrama no more exciting than the average serial instalment shown at picture houses nightly, but offered in four five-reelers. Mia May plays an Englishwoman captured by Orientals, and later saved by an Anglo-educated Chinaman. This is about the substance of "The Dragon's Claw." Broadway was plainly bored.

The Sheik's Wife, Vitagraph

Not even a cousin to "The Sheik" of Paramount is this tale of a woman who marries an Arab, and makes a stab at adopting the customs of his tribe. Marcel Vibert does good repressed work as the Sheik. This picture is not so attractive to the eye as it might be, although it is a French production.

Determination, State Rights

London slum atmosphere carefully preserved is the salient thing in this picture some 10,000 feet long, based on the likenes of twin brothers. People who like slum settings, even if a little tired of the mistaken identity situation, will get their money's worth here.

The Ragged Heiress, Fox

Shirley Mason takes her usual screen walk from rags to riches. Here the riches are a little shady, it being first registered that the heroine's father goes to prison for bank robbery, and next that he thoughtfully left behind in trust for her 10,000 dollars a year. Anyway, Lucia (Shirley Mason) does not see the money, because her uncle sees it first. Matters improve when her father is released. Johnnie Harron plays a nice young man in the picture. Edwin Stevens and Claire MacDowell are others in the cast.

Polly of the Follies, Asso. First National Pictures

When so much goes under the name of comedy that is not comedy at all, it is refreshing to see pretty, witty Constance Talmadge out to amuse in earnest. No one who needs a laugh can afford to miss the movie show staged by Polly in her small, but severe, home town; or the burlesque on Caesar and Cleopatra with Polly as the Queen.

Beyond the Rainbow, R-C Pictures

William Christy Cabanne directed this ingenious story by Solita Solano, with a really powerful cast, including such names as Helen Ware, George Fawcett, Edmund Breese, Rose Coghlan, Marguerite Courtot. A mysterious shooting lends a detective flavor to this picture. The interest centers about a stenographer, played by Lillian (Billy) Dove.

The Prodigal Judge, Vitagraph

From the novel of Vaughan Kester. Maclyn Arbuckle is first rate as the dissipated, genial Judge with one foot outside the social pale; as is Ernest Torrence, who plays Mahaffy, the Judge's dry, sardonic, but unswerving friend. Jean Paige, the featured player, does well within the narrow limits of her role. A good story and fine team work.

Morals In Hollywood

(Continued from page 4)

These extras come from every stratum of society. Here is an old man who was once an English actor of Shakespeare roles. Beside him stands an ancient of days who lived on a Kansas farm until his ambitious son moved to Los Angeles—and the father's luxuriant whiskers got him into the movies! Here is a man who was assistant to a famous revivalist, and at that table is a former gunman from Alaska. An animal trainer who learned his trade with Hagenback, a boy "burned and raised in a saddle in Arizona" and an ex-Baptist minister are employed on the same set.

The handsome young woman in evening clothes was prominent in Minneapolis society. She is talking to a Russian countess who fled when Kerensky fell. Three "chickens"—with the brains of leghorns—are flirting with an ex-saloonkeeper from the Bowery. On one stage is a mob of bathing beauties, whose "art" consists of running through a comedy in pajamas or lacey night robes; these are the girls that supply the magazines with photographs of "famous film stars" clad in next-to-nothingnesses.

The group that I have classified as "prominent" men and women supply almost none of the notoriety that flashes in great headlines in the daily prints. I have liberally estimated this class as numbering three thousand to five thousand. I am safe in saying that the several "fast sets" in this entire group do not total more than two hundred or three hundred individuals. Certainly this is a small minority! Most of these few hundred are not vicious—they are vain, foolish, "swell-headed" to a degree of careless asininity; but they are not dopesters nor degenerates nor murderers.

Only a small part of the reputation of the Los Angeles film colony is made by obdurate disregard of public opinion by these "fast sets." The newspaper stories come from the thousands of "extras" and other employees of the studios. An analysis of the cases during two years proves the truth of these statements.

There are two reasons for the existence of this condition: First, the California laws dealing with vagrancy; and second, the eagerness with which the public buys newspapers containing stories of scandal in the film world.

Whenever a Los Angeles woman of doubtful morals runs afoul of the police, she must declare that she has an occupation or risk a prison sentence on the charge of vagrancy. It is easy for her to say that she is a screen "actress" and to mention a few studios at which she has worked. This is recorded on the police books, and a few hours later the press announces that a "Beautiful Picture Star" has been caught in raid of the vice squad.

A "famous film star commits suicide in love mystery" furnished headlines three inches high—but in four lines of small type in the same article on the same page of the same newspaper was a statement that a search of the studios showed that the girl had never been employed in pictures!

A young woman came to Los Angeles with letters of introduction from the president of a great eastern university. A picture company employed her as stenographer. A few months later she and a newspaper reporter dined at a restaurant near a studio and drank a bottle of soft stuff sold at the soda fountain. On their return to the studio office the girl became sick and fell in a faint. The reporter called a studio policeman to assist him in caring for her. The officer reported the incident to police headquarters. Next day's headlines: "One of the well known stars of Hollywood quarrels with her lover, a famous young actor, and takes over-dose of dope." No names mentioned. Of course neither had ever appeared before the camera.

The newspapers are not unfriendly to the picture people. The newspapers have no time for detailed investigations; they must print the news, or that which appears to be news, while it is not; of the public will transfer its pennies to rival publications.

Experienced newspaper men agree that no subject has interest for so many readers as motion picture customs and habits. A rumor of a movie marriage is worth "playing up" and a divorce case in which even a fourth-rate star is named is desirable news.

A cowboy, employed in pictures because of his ability to perform daring stunts, drives a motor car into a pedestrian. In the car with the cowboy is a society man of wealth and prominence. The newspapers devote a column to the escapade of a "drunken star" and in two lines mention the presence of a society man. A young man employed as a porter in a studio was wounded, apparently by his mother-in-law. This youth was a \$25-a-week laborer, but his story was featured in big headlines for more than a week. At the same time in a downtown hotel a gambler was murdered, and his case received only a tiny percentage of the space given that of the studio laborer. A prominent lawyer killed his wife, his mother-in-law and himself. He got brief, quick treatment in Los Angeles. Nationally he was ignored,

No Need to Have GRAY HAIR Since New Discovery

If your hair was auburn, black, brown, or blond before it started to turn gray, Tru-Tone will restore it to its original shade. Tru-Tone is not a dye, stain or tint. It restores former youthful shades of gray hair by renewing the color-producing power of the cells in the roots. See (H) in picture. Gray Hair is simply hair that has lost its power to color itself. Tru-Tone recreates this power—and the original color comes back.

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Tru-Tone is a pure, delicately scented powder that you dissolve in water and use on the scalp. Guaranteed free from all harmful ingredients. So confident is the Domino House of its results that a million dollar bank guarantees the return of your money upon request, if you are not absolutely satisfied.

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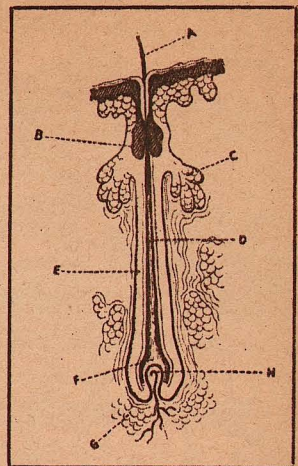
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In this diagram A is the hair shaft which receives nourishment and pigment supply from the tip of the papilla H. This papilla supplies the bulb F and the follicle E, which in turn supply the root B and hair shaft with natural foods and natural coloring matter. It is only by nourishing the cells of pigmentation that the color can be restored to gray hair.

but at the same time the wedding of an actress received several columns of text and illustrations in the daily press of the country.

* * * * *

The producers are working earnestly, intelligently and constantly to weed out the undesirables. During the past year, every "mob scene" in the better studios has had in its numbers several careful detectives. These "inspectors," as they are officially termed, watch for gamblers, bootleggers, crooks, prostitutes, dopesters and other degenerates, and report on them daily. The man at the head of this work is a fine, clean, noble, kindly, inspiring gentleman. He is very careful. He moves slowly and surely. When he has evidence enough to convince him of the guilt of an extra he notifies the studio authorities, and that man or woman is no longer employed.

The great public that enjoys motion pictures and gives its enthusiastic admiration to the players, can be assured that their good will is not misplaced. Your favorite screen heroes, heroines, villains and comedians are, as a class clean, sensible, lovable human beings, whom you would enjoy in person as you now enjoy them in the film.

Page Mr. Aesop

Ever wont to follow angles of popular appeal, the humorists and column conductors are penning witticisms and comments from a new slant. The showing of "Aesop's Film Fables" on the motion picture screen has wits to paragraph their wordings along this line:

Conceited Donkey

Fable: Once upon a time there was a citizen of a republic who didn't think he could handle matters better than the elected officials.—Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

Wayward Dog

Fable: There was once a man who made an announcement that he intended to become a candidate for office who didn't claim he had been urged to run by his friends.—Portland (Me.) Express.



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Doris Kenyon says:—

"Take Your work, not Yourself, seriously"

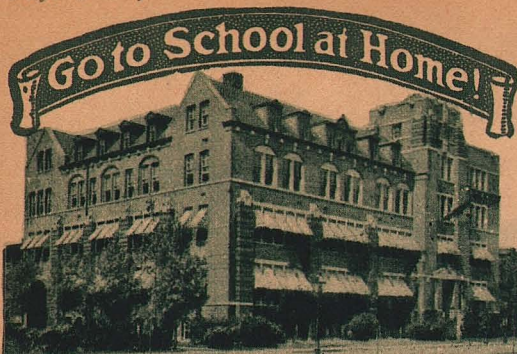
(Continued from page 9)

for, as you know, besides contributing to such publications as Good Housekeeping, Munsey's Magazine, and others, Doris is co-author with her father of a book of poems, entitled, "Spring Flowers and Rowen."

You see at once that Doris, a regular American girl, who comes from a regular American family, such as you do, had no "pull" to elevate her to her present position. Admitted, she possessed beauty and personal charm. Such as many of you do, too. But we rather suspect it is her philosophy: "Take your work seriously; not yourself," that answers the question of her rise on stage and screen.

And as you leave the cheery home that so delightfully whispers of Doris Kenyon's own radiant personality, you are a little sad at your inability to write the story you would like, about her, and in the minor plaint of her own poem, "The Sole Remembrance," you comfort yourself with.

"And when fond Memory strives to paint Upon the shadows your dear face, She trips and falters and grows faint, Seeking each lineament to re-trace."



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And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

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We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

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| Automobile Repairman | Mechanical Engineer |
| Civil Engineer | Shop Superintendent |
| Structural Engineer | Employment Manager |
| Business Manager | Steam Engineer |
| Cert. Public Accountant | Foremanship |
| Accountant and Auditor | Sanitary Engineer |
| Bookkeeper | Surveyor (& Mapping) |
| Draftsman and Designer | Telephone Engineer |
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| Electric Light & Power | High School Graduate |
| General Education | Fire Insurance Expert |

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Producer of Wonderful Motion Pictures

HAVE YOU THE HEALTH TO BE A MOVIE STAR?

The first requirement for a successful career in the movies is 100% health. Without that no matter what other qualifications a man or woman may have no lasting success can be attained. Behind the glamor and interest that hangs over the motion picture profession stands a high, thick wall of the hardest kind of work, long hours, repetition, yes, and sometimes tears. Through it all, day in, day out, these men and women, stars of the profession, must retain the superb vitality from which grows that charm and strength of personality which projects itself across the screen into the hearts and minds of the audience, making the story real and the characters live and breathe.

Let that vitality flag for but a single instant and the picture loses its power and charm.

Yes, in the life of a star there is much of triumph and glory, but it is only the triumph and glory that everyone feels in the knowledge of hard work well done.

Because the motion picture profession realizes so well the need of perfect health in order to achieve success, its members are strong for

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I am enthusiastic about Physical Culture Week. Write me what I can do to help in my community.

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The Brain Wave

(Explanation: The idea is to make snappy sentences from a list of motion picture titles, using them to get the idea across. The following are the winners of the first batch that has come in to us. No prize is offered for the best sentence. Just credit given to the author.)

"A Woman's Place" is at home, "Wives and Other Wives" would say, but "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" did not believe it to be true. She longed for "Romance," for "Adventure." And this is "Why Girls Leave Home."

"Jackie" and "Queenie" were such tomboys that they were ready to fight "The Kid," but "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came along and he was proclaimed "The Champion."

BLANCHE KATZ,
2183 Washington Ave 1e,
Bronx, New York.

"Polly of the Follies," who is "Dangerous to Men," was "Pinched" on "Saturday Night" in "Peacock Alley" for putting on "Too Much Speed," while on her "Way Down East" to play "Checkers" with the "Four Horse of the Apocalypse," who were waiting "Beyond the Rocks" by "The Great Divide." "She Was in For Thirty Days."

EDGAR W. BOREY, JR.,
300 Marine Bank Building,
New Orleans, La.

"Out of the Dust" rode "The Mysterious Rider," "Fightin' Mad" because he and "Moran of the Lady Letty," being "Partners of the Tide," had felt the "Sting of the Lash" when "The Conquering Power" took possession of the "Prairie Trails."

But the "Conflict" within him subsided when he came upon "The Green Temptation" in "Peacock Alley."

H. M. CAREY,
2919 Madison Street,
Omaha, Neb.

"One Glorious Day" "The Champion" had "Two Minutes to Go." Then he collected his "Back Pay" and joined "The Idle Class" until "The Little Minister" saw him standing with "His Back Against the Wall" and said "My Boy," "Stick Around" for you can make good in "A Nine O'clock Town."

HARRY KLINGENSMITH,
723 Second Avenue,
Tarentum, Pa.

It was "Saturday Night." "Camille," "A Homespun Vamp," had reached "The Foolish Age." Being a "Game Chicken" and tired of hanging on to "Apron Strings," she changed her name to "Nancy From Nowhere" and just at the "Gleam o' Dawn" left "The Old Nest" and "The Call of Home" behind and ran "Over the Hill" "Down the Iron Trail" "Beyond" where the same "Smilin' Through" the crowd "Just Around the Corner." "Through a Glass Window" she saw a sign "The Broadway Peacock." "The Wonderful Thing" called "The Invisible Power" drew her up "At the Stage Door" where she met "Boomerang Bill" her "Fourteenth Lover." "Tired of His Kisses" and desiring to earn "Her Own Money" by working "From the Ground Up" the little "Wildfire" rushed to "The Woman's Side." Donning "Blue Jeans," she was given the part of "Molly-O" along with "The Man From Lost River." At last she had attained "The Golden Gift" behind the "Footlights" also meeting the "Girl From Porcupine" who looked like "The Five Dollar Baby." Starting out for a walk down "The Lane That Had No Turning" she met "Chivalrous Charley." He collected his "Back Pay" and they were married by "The Little Minister." Now, "If You Believe It, It's So!"

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New Discovery Quickly Removes Freckles

Science has at last produced a perfectly harmless cream which erases freckles almost as if by magic! Whether you have freckles the year round, or whether the sun and wind bring them out only in spring and summer, the remarkable new Domino Freckle Cream will banish them and keep your skin white and beautiful.

Don't allow freckles to ruin your complexion, when they can be removed so quickly, so simply—by this entirely new discovery—a special cream made from a special formula for the sole purpose of erasing freckles and making the skin soft and smooth.

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Just pat a bit of Domino Freckle Cream over the freckles with the tips of the fingers. No trouble or mess—just a delicately-scented, soft cream that you will like to use. Allow it to remain overnight—and watch for results the next morning. You will be delighted.

Our guarantee, backed by a million dollar bank, insures the return of your money, on request, if you are in any way dissatisfied.

The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(Continued from page 8)

ceasingly for three months, he had worked only for three months, and his earnings were insufficiently great to enable him more than to make a start at getting his bonanza started.

He was in San Francisco, again casting about for lucrative employment—again beginning to yearn for the ice-fields—and again setting out to conquer new worlds. In New York he had been friendly with the family of an actress, and Fate would have it that that same family should then have been in San Francisco.

And Taylor—the dapper, polished man who once had been one of the leading members of the fashionable Larchmont Yacht Club, who had been known in Gotham's art circles as a scholarly beau brommel, who had won and lost a small fortune, and who was finally more or less a bit of driftwood on the California Coast—set about making the details of his misfortunes wholly unknown.

He gave gay parties for his New York friends. It was a bit of his old self that came to light again. Apparently he had forgotten the tragedy that seared his heart—the one thing that had induced his previous disappearance from New York's society and had kept him again from trying to resume his old-time social intercourse in his former haunts.

He was living like a gentleman, at a fashionable hotel, although he realized that his savings were dwindling and that each dollar spent kept him farther from his mining claim.

And it began to look as if he would have to start all over again—as if he were not, after all, to be able to reap the benefits of his mining discovery in the Klondike. His bank-book told him he could not be lying—yet there it was before him, its columnar pages proclaiming the fact that he had only a few dollars standing between him and utter starvation.

And, as he looked and pondered—and wondered, perhaps, how the hand of Fate would again strike him—he found himself seized once more with that same melancholy that, before, had nearly broken his life.

For he was practically a papuper—and he could not summon courage to apprise his friends of the situation. Yet he could not possibly continue his gentlemanly existence among them.

What would he do?

(In the final instalment will be told how the slain director, in almost a breath, became independently wealthy—and how he entered, and made his success, in the movies.)

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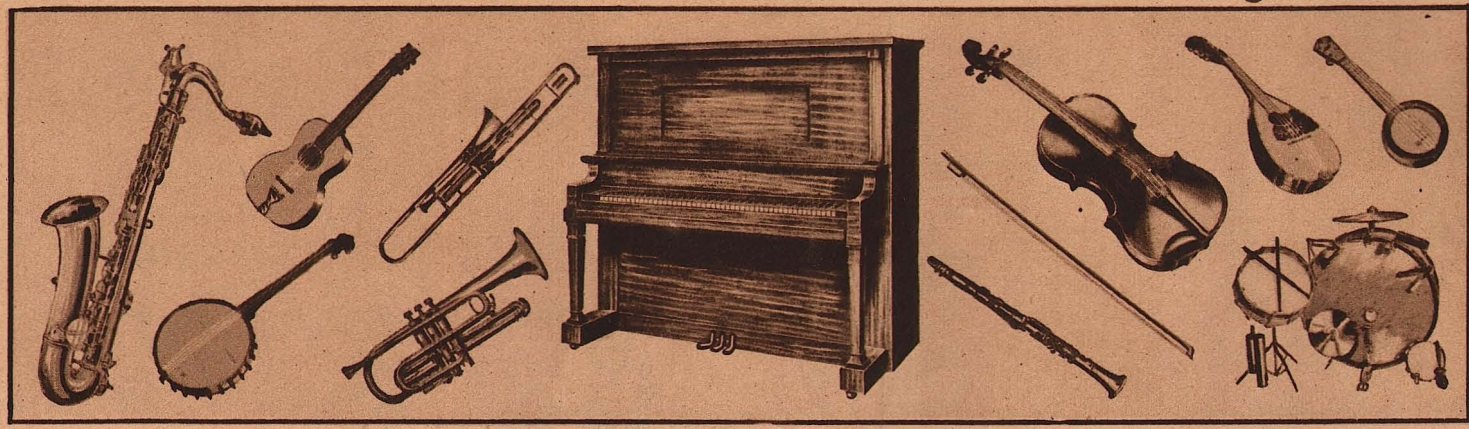
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You owe it to yourself to find out at once, whether you or your children have latent ability to play any chosen musical instrument or to sing; or to become a leader of band or orchestra; perhaps to write the music for a song that may bring fame and wealth.

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